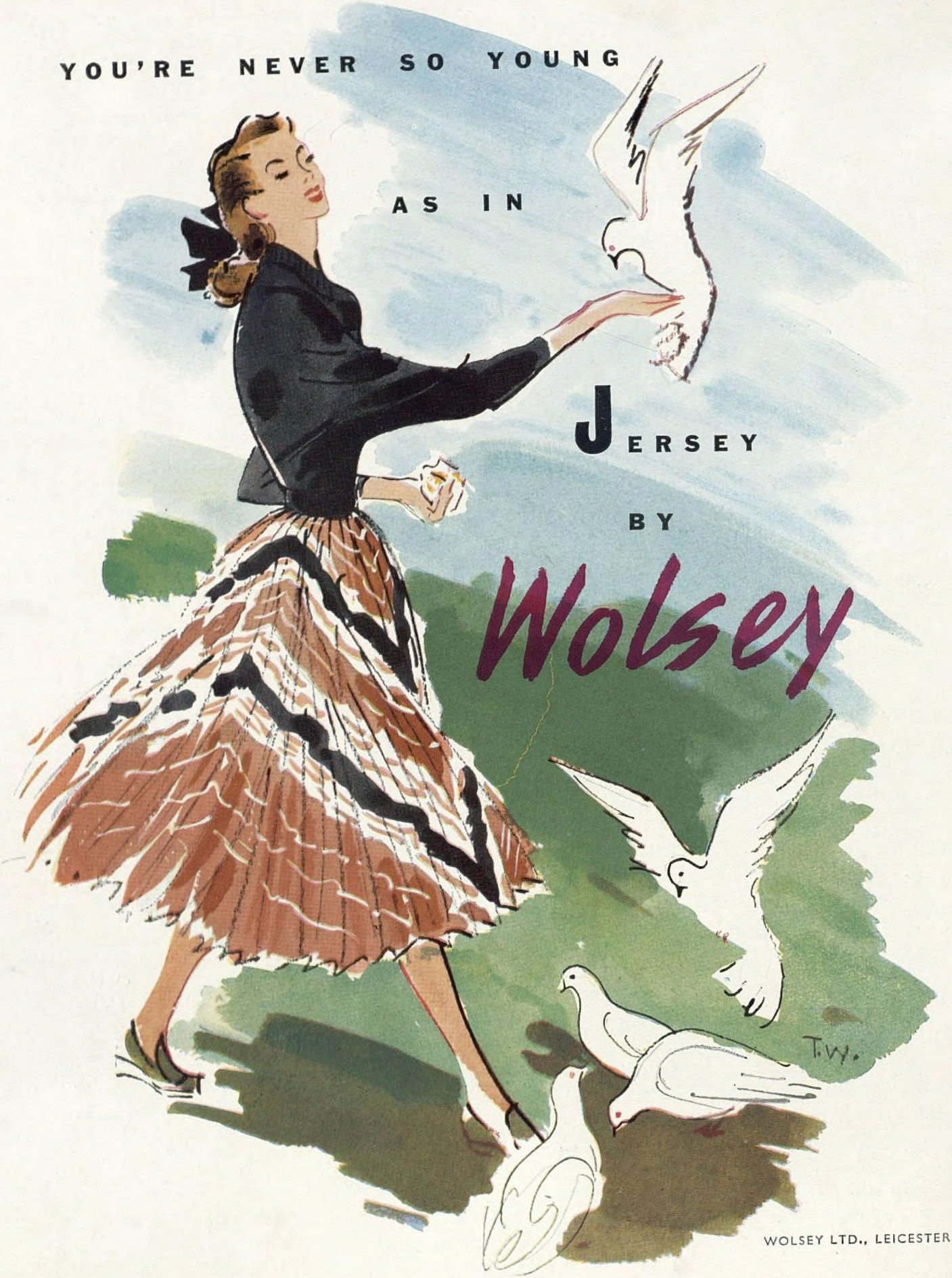
BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER, 1952

TWO SHILLINGS


YOU'RE NEVER SO YOUNG
AS IN
JERSEY
BY
Wolsey
T.W.
WOLSEY LTD., LEICESTER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 45 No. 4 OCTOBER, 1952

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONTENTS

Cover Photograph—*Cocktail Time*

Articles

No Escape From The Passport
by *Donald Harker*
Illustrations
by *Hailstone* 13 and 60

Five Million Ears To Please
by *Muriel Segal*
Illustrations
by *Longden* 14–15 and 74

Smoke Palls Over Britain
by *Trevor Holloway* 16 and 76

The Judgment Of Paris
by *John Lefroy*
Illustrations
by *Robert Hodgson* 17–20

Great-Grandmother's Tapes And Cords
by *Mary Ireland* 21 and 74

The Genius And The Woman
by *John Usborne* 22 and 72

Too Much Respect For Period
by *Rupert Croft-Cooke*
Illustrations
by *Nicholl* 26–27 and 66

The Downs Of Dorset
by *Christopher Trent* 28–29 and 58

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 30 and 63–64

Thread Paints The Picture
by *Kathleen Harris* 34–35 and 66

Home Section

Costs And Customers
by *Pamela Fry* 39 and 75

Modern Portias
by *Joan Bevan, LL.B.* 40–41 and 64

Knitting :
Checks With Ribbonknit 42
Hip Length Sweater 43

Escape Values
by *Joanna Lacey Drew*
Illustrations
by *Margot Gilbert* 44

The Autumn Look 45–48

Consider The Lily
by *Alexander Dilke* 49

Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
The Eyes Have It 50 and 51

Shopping For You 52 and 53

Art And Appetites
Illustrations
by *Alma K . Lee* 54

Save On Sugar
by *Janet Darby* 55 and 66, 72–74

Stories

A Matter Of Command
by *F. E. Knight*
Illustrations
by *E. Holloway* 9–12 and 68

Jupiter Jones
by *E. C. Hornsby*
Illustrations
by *Mays* 23–25 and 68–72

Echo Of A Dream
By *Day Russell*
Illustrations
by *J. S. Goodall* 31-33 and 63

Clouds Of Glory
by *Nina Warner Hooke*
Illustrations
by *Lance Cattermole* 36–38 and 78–80

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

If you are over 25

Beware OF Dry Skin

FROM the age of about 25 look for these warning signs of dry skin—flaky patches, tiny dry lines, skin tenseness.

These show that the natural oil that keeps skin soft and supple is decreasing. In fact, even before 40 a woman may have lost as much as 20% of this natural skin oil.

Replacement is at your finger-tips with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make it extra-softening. 1. It is rich in *lanolin* — nearest thing to your own skin oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak into the skin. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*.

FIGHT DRY SKIN TWO WAYS

LANOLIN-SOFTEN BY NIGHT — After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face and work in thoroughly, leaving a light film to soften your skin all night. Dry skin "drinks up" this rich Cream. Tiny lines are smoothed away.

LANOLIN-PROTECT BY DAY — Smooth on the sheerest touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up. It protects your skin against dryness all day; keeps it soft and smooth-looking. And it costs only 2/9 a jar.

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

"I'm amazed how quickly Pond's Dry Skin Cream softens skin that feels dry or a bit roughened," she says

Dry Skin? This is the Answer

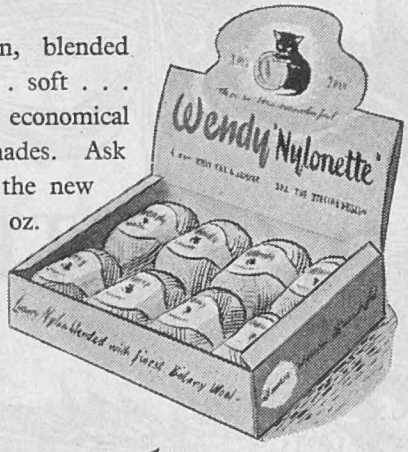
FREE

If you would like a free sample of this wonderful, lanolin-rich Cream, send a card with your name and address in block letters to Dept. BE 2, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford.

Yours for 8/-

* ONLY 4 ozs. TO KNIT!

Luxurious, long-wearing nylon, blended with finest botany wool . . . soft . . . washable . . . glamorous . . . economical . . . and in lovely pastel shades. Ask your local wool shop for the new Wendy 'Nylonette' in 1 oz. balls, and see the delightful easy knitting patterns.



Wendy Nylonette

CARTER & PARKER LIMITED · GUISELEY · YORKS

★ Leaflet 520, obtainable through your local wool shop, price 4d., or 5½d. post free, from Dept A, Carter & Parker Ltd., Guiseley, near Leeds.

There is pride of possession in

DORCAS

TOWELS · SHEETS · PILLOWCASES

Long years of good wear will justify your choice.

J. & N. PHILIPS & CO. LTD. MANCHESTER

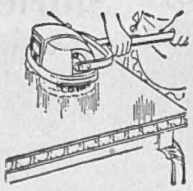
New!

Polish your floors and furniture this quicker, easier way

ALL that hard, wearisome drudgery — polishing floors, surrounds and furniture — is gone for ever with the Hoover Electric Polisher. Without the slightest effort, lino, tiles, wood, cork, rubber all come up with a beautiful rich gloss — that lasts longer, too. A special feature is the built-in headlight that points out unpolished spots. Ask your Hoover Dealer to demonstrate.

FOR FURNITURE—SPECIAL SOFT LAMBSWOOL PADS

These fit over the brushes bringing up a really dazzling gloss — with minimum effort, because the machine is so light and perfectly balanced.



★ ★ ★

COURT ROYAL

Beautifully Comfortable

THIS LIGHT step-in Girdle 1225 has been designed in Paris to wear under dresses and suits demanding a slender, youthful waist-line. Made of Triple Core Lastex Net with a front panel of Nylon Satin, it has short concealed removable boning at diaphragm. Price £5.15.6 for sizes up to 36" waist. The dainty uplift Brassiere made from Nylon Marquisette is No. 7518/1. Price 10/11d. If you have difficulty in obtaining either of these garments, please write for the name and address of your nearest stockist.

CHARLES BAYER
& COMPANY LIMITED, BATH
(*Wholesale only*)

FLY TO South Africa by the 'SPRINGBOK' Service

THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY by South African Airways to Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi. One service per week calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized 4-engined Constellation aircraft. Complimentary meals and meal-time drinks. No gratuities.

British Overseas Airways also provide three flights weekly by Comet to Johannesburg on the 'Springbok' Service which is operated jointly by S.A.A. and B.O.A.C.

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT; B.O.A.C. OR SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: WHITEHALL 4488

Look for this label

Distinctive jacket of Embros trimmed with Beaver Lamb.

MADE IN ENGLAND
from
TESCAN
TRADE MARK REG'D IN GT. BRITAIN
Fur Skins

and you find good fur

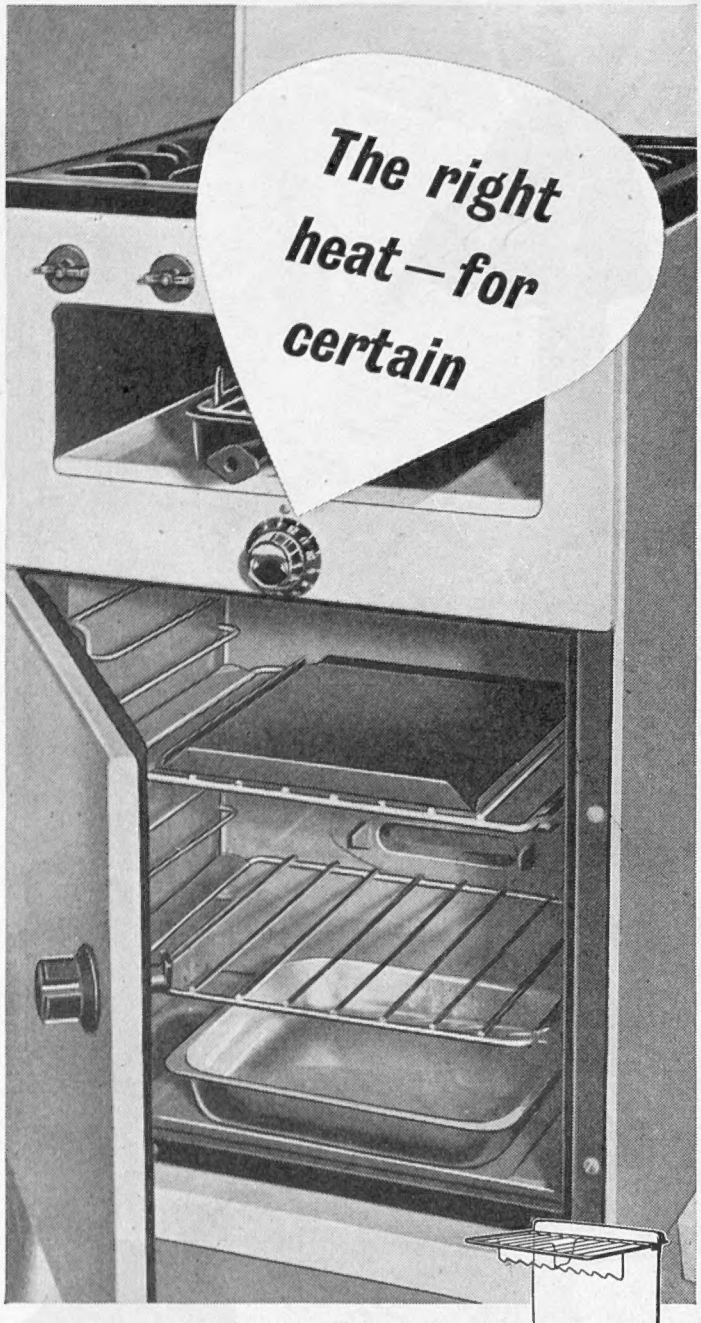
It's the fur behind the fashion that counts. That's why now, more than ever, clever women rely on the Tescan label. It is their *guarantee* of specially selected skins—as lasting as they're lovely !

Tescan skins offer top value for money. See them in good class stores or write for the free Tescan brochure. It shows a wide range of new models in Mincella, Lucca, Leopard Lamb and other fine Tescan furs.

Beaver Lamb; colours—Dark Brown, Shadow, Tescan-Nu.

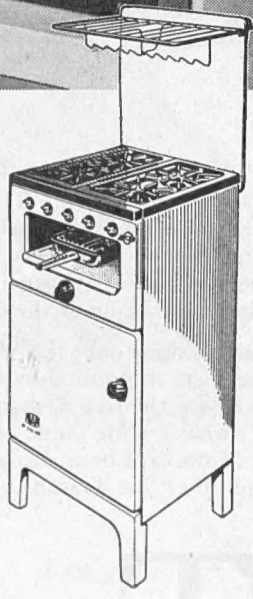
Tescan

WORCESTER HOUSE, VINTNERS' PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4



THE *MAIN* WAY TO SAVE GAS

The patent Mainstat on a MAIN Gas Cooker maintains the oven at the *exact* heat required. Highly efficient burners for boiling, simmering and grilling are fitted. The taps cannot be turned on accidentally and the cooker is vitreous enamelled for easy cleaning.



MAIN

See the latest models at your Gas Showrooms

Ⓟ2

PAROZONE

for brighter, germ free homes

It cannot be otherwise when Parozone helps you in so many ways. In whitening and beautifying linens and cottons . . . in brightening porcelain, tiles, glass and crystal . . . and of course, in freshening sink and lavatory bowl. *Insist on Parozone —there is no shortage.*

A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR OVER 60 YEARS

PAROZONE REG.

DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

HEAD OFFICE, GLASGOW. And at LONDON, NOTTINGHAM & WOKING

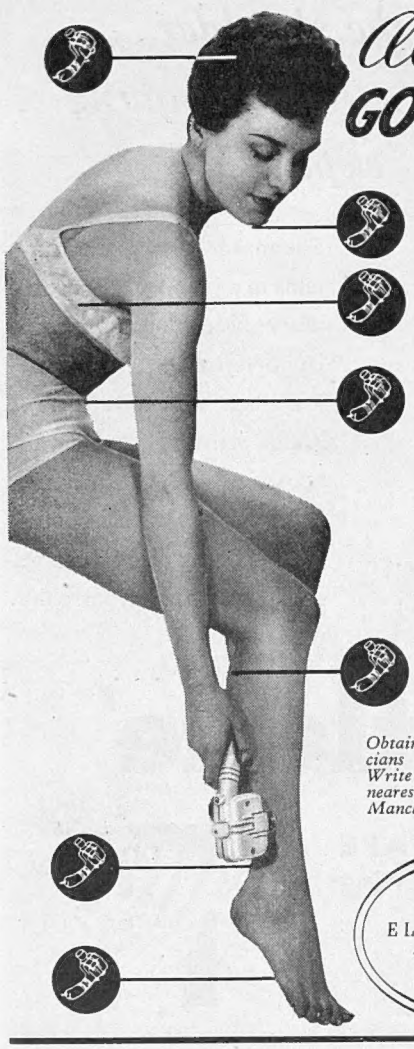
Pam's Double-Life secret

PAM — YOU ARE EXTRAVAGANT THESE DAYS—MORE SHOES?
WRONG AGAIN PEG. THESE ARE 2 YEARS OLD
-AND STILL SO SMART AND WEARABLE
I'VE GOT PHILLIPS TO THANK FOR THAT
THEY LAST FOR AGES AND ARE INVISIBLE IN WEAR
SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE BRAINS. PHILLIPS FOR ME IN FUTURE

Take it from me Phillips do double the life of your shoes

Phillips

STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS



All Over GOOD HEALTH from head to toe

The surest way to keep well and free from pain is also the way to keep slim and beautiful.

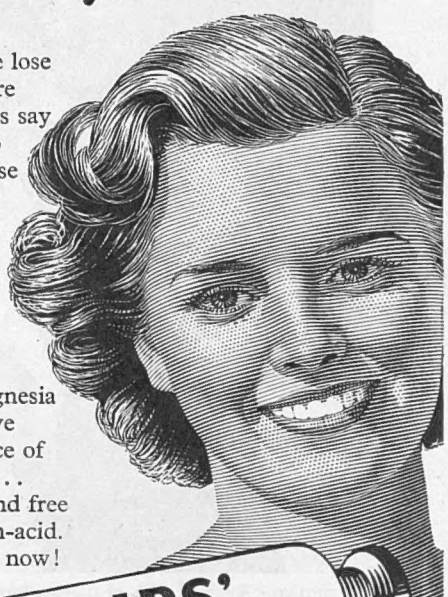
By stimulating healthy circulation in the blood-stream, the Pifco Vibratory Massager gives relief from pain and also removes impurities from the skin and scalp. It is good for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and many other common ills. It promotes a radiantly lovely skin and a healthy head of hair.

It tones you up, relieves taut nerves, is an aid to youthful vitality and a slim trim figure.

Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores, 88s. 6d. including tax. Write for illustrated folder and name of nearest stockist to: Pifco Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester, 4.

PIFCO
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
Massager

Fight *Mouth Acid* now and save your teeth!



Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're 40? Dentists say this is largely due to mouth-acid and advise 'Milk of Magnesia'* as the most effective way to dispel it.

One toothpaste and one only contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and that is — Phillips' Dental Magnesia Toothpaste. So give yourself a real chance of keeping your teeth . . . healthy, attractive and free from harmful mouth-acid. Start using Phillips' now!

PHILLIPS'
DENTAL MAGNESIA
TOOTHPASTE

PRICES UNCHANGED 1/6 & 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

Susan Small Ltd. (Wholesale only) 76 Wells Street, London, W.1
Member of the London Model House Group

Chilprufe Regd *for Ladies*

There is enduring comfort and protection in Chilprufe Underwear for Ladies. The soft, smooth, non-irritant pure wool fabric is a wonderful safeguard against colds and chills! Chilprufe keeps its shape, colour and beautiful finish throughout repeated washings, and never loses its lovely texture.

You will find the range of delightfully embroidered Chilprufe House Coats and Dressing Gowns most attractive. These are available in a selection of colours, and there are Ladies' Nightdresses, Bed Jackets and Dressing Jackets in delicate pastel shades.

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Also Children's Underwear, Outerwear, Tailored Coats, Shoes, Toys, and Men's Pure Wool Underwear. Ask your Chilprufe Agent, or write for

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

Peek over the shoulder of a curtain-making expert . . .

She makes hundreds of curtains in a year, and every one drapes beautifully, hangs and launders easily . . . because it is made with " Rufflette " brand curtain tape with hooks or rings. You can have your curtains made up professionally for a small charge —or make them yourself— with

'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE with Hooks or Rings

From all drapers, stores & furnishers. By the makers of " Rufflette " Brand cord-controlled Curtain Runway. Thomas French & Sons Ltd., Manchester, Wythenshawe, London, U.S.A., and Canada.

SEE "RUFFLETTE" BRAND ON EVERY YARD

Design in "Ayrbeam" 3 ply—Leaflet 930, post free 6d.

Templeton's 'AYR' Wools

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD., Ayr, Scotland

Worsted Spinners since 1827

EXTRA CREAM added

LACTA Full Cream Sweetened Condensed Milk is called SPECIAL because extra cream has been added. Unsurpassed for all household purposes where milk and sugar are needed and excellent for the feeding of babies.

★ *During any shortage of canned condensed milk, Regal and Lacta may not be available in all areas.*

LACTA *Special*
full cream condensed milk

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE

Dual Role

Smart girls are smart girls because they make their Braemars lead a double life. They know that quick and crafty interplay with accessories — the simple, subtle, bold, bizarre — make a Braemar a dawn to dusk affair.

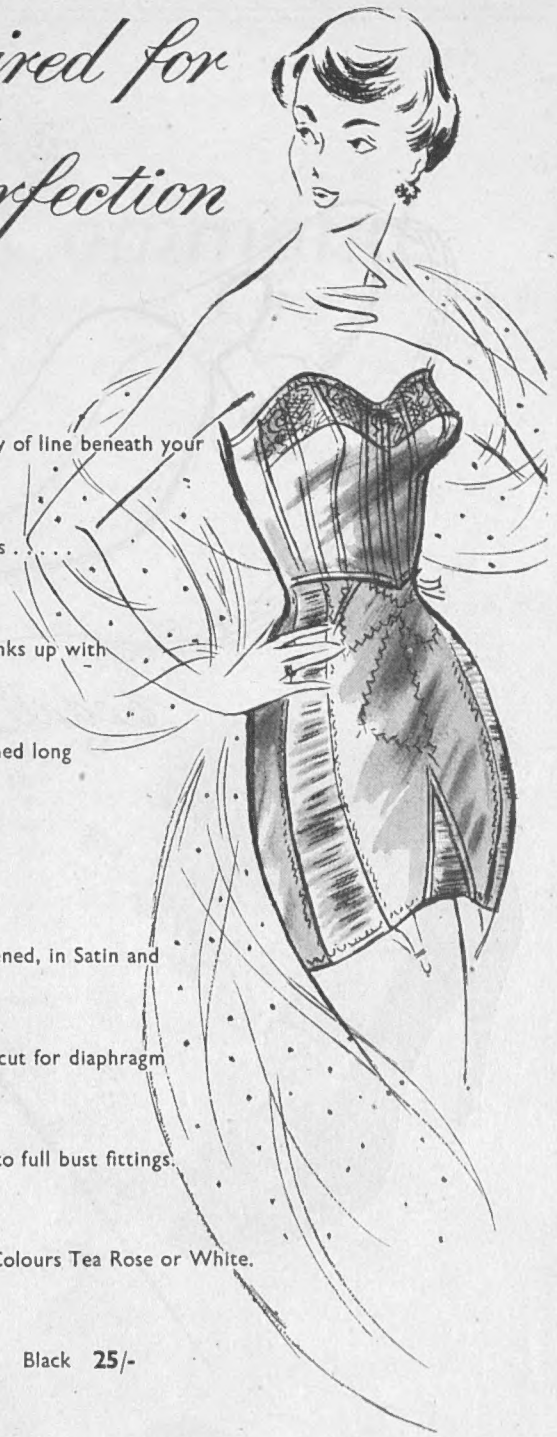
Lovely, lovely Braemars—so kitten soft, so perennially perfect, so *in* fashion all the time, so jewel-pure in colour ; and created with a craftsmanship that is nearly (yes—literally!) out of this world. Braemars have the kind of wit and wisdom that's in tune with life as lived today.

Cashmere or lambswool, each Braemar is something so *authentic* that you can't substitute without losing so much. That's why it's such good news that Braemars are on sale again. Not nearly enough, we know; but the smart girls *will* have them ! You just see !

BRAEMAR

INNES, HENDERSON AND COMPANY LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Paired for Perfection



For complete beauty of line beneath your most elegant clothes . . . . this strapless Bra links up with a beautifully fashioned long line Zipp Belt . . .

The Bra, front fastened, in Satin and Needlerun Lace, is cut for diaphragm control in average to full bust fittings.

Sizes 32" to 40". Colours Tea Rose or White.

No. 04558. **21/-** Black **25/-**

The Belt in elasticated Satin with Leno elastic side panels for ease of movement. Sizes 25" to 32".

Colour Tea Rose. No. 8466. **75/-**

Twilfit Regd.

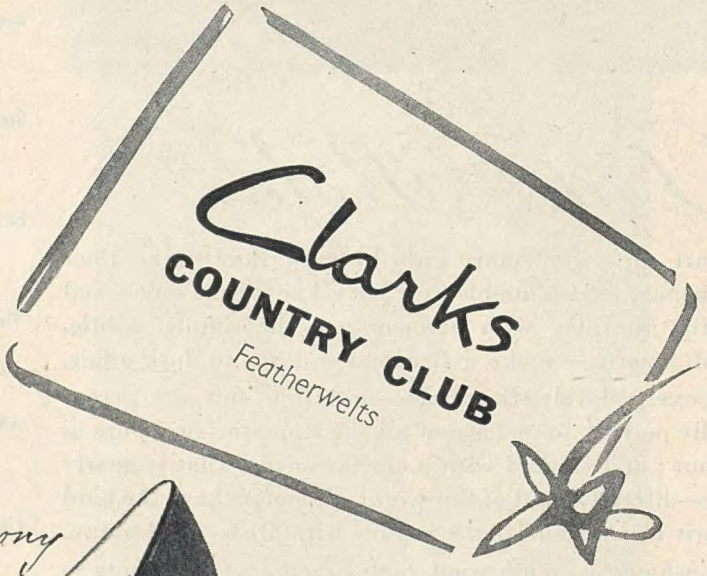
FOUNDATIONS

Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd., Portsmouth

WRITE FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST STOCKIST

Over to Envelopes

Freshest autumn style theme—the Envelope Vamp, one inviting version of the new tilt cut. Over to the side goes a light fold of leather, sealed with stitching, with snap studs, or slotted and fobbed. Here, Country Club envelopes vie their lines against two side-flaring styles. A difficult choice . . . if you couldn't have both.



Lucilla *Walnut Brown and Black.*
Harmony *Hawthorn Red, Flagship Blue, Amberglow and Black.*
Brecon *Cognac Brown, Flagship Blue and Amberglow.*
Longleat *Cognac Brown, Blue and Black.*
Bedale *Cognac Brown, Hawthorn Red and Black.*

—shoes with a sense of occasion

Nearest shop? Write Clarks Dept. A2, Street, Somerset — *and ask for a style leaflet.*

BY F. E. KNIGHT.

A Matter Of Command

A woman's unflinching bravery overrides dilemma on the high seas

THE captain's wife sat in her favourite position near the cabin entrance. Her needlework was spread on her lap, and occasionally the wind stirred it. Once a corner lifted more than usual and revealed the grey butt of a pistol. She spread the cloth more carefully and thereafter sewed with one arm resting across it.

She was young—barely twenty-one. She had married the captain, a much older man, only at the beginning of this present voyage in the spring of 1836. Her black hair was bound tightly back from her forehead; her eyes, violet, and almost too large for the smallness of her face and form, contrasted forcefully with the general pallor of her complexion.

For the most part she concentrated on her needlework, but from time to time she would glance at the men working in the for'ard rigging or, swiftly, at the second mate splicing ropes on the weather side of the poop.

The second mate seemed unaware of her glances. He, too, was intent on his work; yet he, too, occasionally glanced at the men for'ard—and then his gaze would sweep over the sails, and all round the horizon, and would light for the fraction of a second on the captain's wife in her chair. He was perhaps three years older than she.

To them came the first mate, swinging himself up the poop ladder from the main deck with a kind of unnecessary violence as though to display the strength of his muscles. He paused by the second mate, picked up a completed splice, and tossed it down again as though to indicate that it was a poor thing, but would pass. Then he slouched to the captain's wife.

"How is the cap'n to-day, Mrs. Parsons?"

He towered over her, his shaggy head carried a little forward, his great hands swinging at his knees. The breadth of his body screened her almost entirely from the second mate, who now, however, moved slightly closer to them as he worked.

The first mate towered above her as she sat with her needlework near the captain's cabin.

She replied without looking up. "There is little change, I thank you, Mr. Bryce. I am continuing to keep him quiet."

He had a habit of jerking his head towards her as he spoke to give force to his words. He did so now. "I wish to see him, Ma'am."

She raised her eyes to his momentarily. His were small and gleaming. "I am sorry, but you cannot. I have told you, I am keeping him very quiet."

The hint of anger in his voice deepened. "You are making things very difficult for me, Mrs. Parsons."

She looked up then, affecting surprise. "Indeed—and in what way? Can you not perform your duties without consulting the captain at every turn?"

The mate's face flushed darkly. "I know my duty——"

"Then, pray, why not do it? You are only required to sail the ship towards Liverpool until the captain is well again. What is the difficulty in that?"

His hands clenched nervously as though they would crush her, as they could have done with ease. "The difficulty is—when will he be well again? Aye, when—*if ever*? That is what some of us want to know."

"Who, besides yourself, Mr. Bryce?"

He hesitated because he had said more than he intended; then, abruptly, "The men are talking. They don't like it—you sitting here giving me orders . . ."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. HOLLOWAY

Her eyes were very wide. "Have I given you orders? When—and what?"

"You are giving me orders at this moment, Ma'am! I am the mate of this ship, and when the captain is below I am in charge. I say that we should put back to the Plate, or to the Cape of Good Hope."

"But why?"

"For a surgeon, Ma'am. Why else?"

"There are better surgeons in Liverpool."

"Mrs. Parsons, Liverpool is five thousand miles away! The Plate is a bare two; Cape Town——"

"And both against head-winds, Mr. Bryce! Do you think I am so ignorant? You were not so solicitous for the health of that poor man who fell from aloft as we were leaving Sydney. Then, I remember, you were against putting back a mere twenty miles."

"A common seaman! Your husband . . ."

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Bryce, I will tell you why you wish to put back to some other port. It is so that the captain and I can be put ashore, then you will become master of this ship. So long as the captain is on board——"

"Mrs. Parsons, I swear——"

"Do not, Mr. Bryce; it would be useless. I speak for the captain. I know his wishes. We continue towards Liverpool."

SHE plied her needle firmly to indicate that the conversation was finished. Yet she dared not look at him, knowing that his anger had mounted to breaking-point. She felt with her arm for the comfort of the pistol beneath her needlework.

His eyes were like beads. The veins stood out on his forehead. But his voice, surprisingly, became calm—though harsh. "Very well, Ma'am. Now take this from me. Unless I hear those orders from the captain's own lips by eight bells I shall put the ship about."

In spite of her resolution she faltered. "That—that will be mutiny!"

Her weakness strengthened his confidence. "I do not think so, Mrs. Parsons. You forget that you are only a passenger in this ship."

He turned his back on her, swung down the ladder, and went forward with

a strangely light, stalking gait. The men, seeing him coming, leapt to new life and scrambled about the rigging.

Only two clear days had passed since the gale which had stripped the ship almost to her bare masts; yet already most of the damage had been repaired. The only obvious signs were the torn sails which the sailmaker was repairing, and the absence from the quarter-deck of the captain, felled by a block breaking loose from the mizzen-top.

WHEN the mate had gone the captain's wife called softly to the second mate. "Mr. Angel!"

He moved a little further towards her, taking his work with him. "Ma'am?"

"You heard, Mr. Angel. What do you think?"

He did not dwarf her as the mate had done. He was, indeed, scarcely taller than she, and only a little more robust. In spite of that there was about him a

"You shouldn't have done it, Ma'am," he said gently. "You should have left it to me. It is not for a lady to use firearms."

suggestion of strength, perhaps from the way his limbs moved as though on steel springs, which belied his otherwise somewhat effeminate appearance.

He looked at the horizon, not at her. "It would not be mutiny, Ma'am."

She gestured impatiently. "That is not what I meant. I mean, should we put back?"

She waited with her needle poised for his answer. She watched him, but he still stared at the horizon.

"As to that, Ma'am, I do not think the owners would thank us for putting back, captain or no captain."

Her needle stabbed the cloth. "That is what I think. And if you were in command, what would you do?"

Again he paused before replying, as though weighing his words. "I should carry on, since we have the trade wind now and the westerly gales astern. At the same time, I should pray to Heaven to send me within hailing distance a ship carrying a surgeon; and I should consider whether to put into some port still ahead of us."

"Thank you. Then"—her voice was suddenly hesitant and pleading—"then you will stand by me?"

He studied the set of the sails, and the men, and the horizon. At last he turned to her and for the first time their eyes met. "Mrs. Parsons, Ma'am," he said quietly, "I am probably a fool; but I will stand by you till Hell's fires are icebergs."

Colour flooded her face and she bent over her needlework. Angel returned to his splicing. Over his work he noted that the mate had now gone right forward and was entering the fo'c'sle hatch.

After a long while the girl spoke again. "Have you a pistol, Mr. Angel?"

"No, Ma'am."

"There is one in the cabin. I will get it for you."

She began to gather her needlework, keeping her own pistol hidden; but she paused and, as though coming to a sudden decision, said, "No, please get it yourself. It is in the second drawer of the captain's desk. I will watch the decks."

He set down his splicing and moved towards the cabin entrance, but hesitantly because he was on watch and should not be leaving the deck.

When he was close to her she touched his sleeve. "Mr. Angel, the block; the one that fell from aloft; it is at the foot of my bunk. Will you examine it, please?"

He stared at her for a moment, then set his foot on the cabin stairway; but again she stopped him. "Please do not disturb the captain. I left his curtains drawn. And—and Mr. Angel, in the same drawer there are handcuffs. I think—we may need them."

For the few minutes that he was away she watched the decks, her eyes dark and brooding. She watched the men working and tried to read their faces, but they were too far away. She saw the Negro cook come out of his galley and empty a bucket of refuse over the side.

Angel returned so silently that she started as he appeared beside her. She looked up at him and saw that his face was stern. His eyes would not meet hers.

He tapped the pocket of his reefer jacket significantly, but did not speak.

"The—the block?" she prompted him impatiently. "You saw it?"

He stared up at the mizzen topsail, and then replied gruffly, "Aye, Ma'am. Two strands of the pennant had been cut by a knife. The third broke—as it would. Yes, I saw that."

She spoke eagerly, leaning towards him. "You understand what it means? A deliberate attempt . . . Mr. Angel, I know who cut that rope!"

"I can guess, Ma'am."

"He went aloft to the mizzen-top, just at the beginning of the gale, when you and the sailors were shortening sail forward. It was to clear something that had jammed, he said."

"I understand all that, Ma'am; but there is more——" He stopped abruptly and moved away from her. "Later, if you please . . ." he muttered over his shoulder.

She looked along the deck and saw that the mate was striding aft. The men of the watch below were coming up out of the fo'c'sle hatch.

THE mate swung himself up the poop ladder as he had done before, and this time the captain's wife rose from her chair to meet him. She held her needlework in front of her, and beneath it her right hand gripped the pistol.

The men were shuffling aft, silently, uncertainly. They gathered in the main deck, below the break of the poop, waiting. Outside his galley the Negro cook stood aloof, but watching them.

The second mate left his splicing and moved to stand some six feet from the girl, and a little behind her. His fingers were just inside his jacket pockets.

The mate took his stance in front of the girl, leaning towards her, his eyes mocking her. But when he spoke it was for the benefit of the whole crew.

"It wants five minutes to eight bells, Ma'am. Have you decided?"

(*Continued on page* 68)

No Escape From The Passport

by

DONALD HARKER

"See that you never want two bagges very full, that is, one of pacience . . . the other of money"

John Florio's advice to travellers, 1591

★

COOL-HEADED travellers may sometimes be able to slip past the Customs with an extra box of cigars or half-litre of wine tucked away in their suitcases, but when it comes to the official check on passports, there is no escape at all. The position is devastatingly clear. If their papers aren't in order, holiday-makers, business men and touring football teams alike are brought to an abrupt halt. Until the right official has written the right words on the right line, they are virtually prisoners in their own country.

Considering that we can now cross the world in slightly less than a quarter of the time it used to take to rattle over the cobbled highway from Edinburgh to London in a fast stagecoach, it is surprising that we have made such lamentably slow progress in smoothing out the sheer formalities of travel. No matter how many hours the Comet may knock off the established flying schedules, it takes just as long as ever to collect the passports, visas and—occasionally—the special permits which we need before we can set foot on foreign soil.

Each time we seem to be on the verge of abolishing the passport system altogether, or of reducing it to a civilized minimum, some fresh crisis in world affairs comes along to put back the clock and add a few more pages to the sheaf of documents we need to move from place to place.

"The knell of passports has sounded . . . the passport system, hoary and effete, is now tottering and sick to death. . . ." Heartening words. But as they were penned by a writer in a popular journal ninety years ago, it is easy to see that optimism in this field is not always justified.

In the middle of last century, it really seemed for a time that a golden era of unrestricted travel was about to open. On New Year's Day, 1861, Napoleon the Third announced that British citizens would in future be welcome in France without passports or permits. Sweden and Norway, always freedom-loving countries, also swept the passport system away, while Italy, with an eye to the growing tourist trade, reduced the formalities to a minimum.

People began to talk of passports almost nostalgically, rather as we now speak of fans and maypoles as quaint reminders of more colourful times. And for a number of years before the first World War, it really was remarkably easy to move around Europe. But, once again, lack of faith among the nations proved too great a barrier, and not only the passport, but its even more useless offspring, the visa, were to return before long more powerful than ever. Two world wars finally relegated the prospect of free travel in Europe to the realm of pipe-dreams.

How, then, did we come to submit ourselves to the tyranny of these pieces of paper? The story of the passport goes so deep into history that one begins to wonder whether perhaps even the Stone Age men needed some specially marked flint to change their residence from a cave on one hillside to the next.

Certainly, there is evidence that in ancient Persia, a traveller without a passport of some (*Continued on page* 60)

Five Million Ears To Please

By MURIEL SEGAL

ON October 7, 1946, a B.B.C. programme went on the air with a certain tentativeness. It was a humble programme in its way, grown from the contention in some quarters that in the wide field of entertainment covered by the daily programmes too little attention was paid to the special interests of women listeners.

It is not an exaggeration to say that on that October afternoon six years ago none of the people behind the mike were very sure of themselves. Did women want a programme of their own? Could women's interests be adequately met at such varied social, economic and intellectual levels as a radio audience presents? Weren't these interests already catered for in the wide field of specialized magazine journalism? Perhaps. Who could tell? Anyway, it was worth trying.

It was a man who organized the first programme and it was his own voice which, at two o'clock, informed the listeners, "This is *Woman's Hour.*"

There is no record that this momentous announcement made any startling impact. Sophie Somers advising on "Saving Soap" (remember those days?) and somebody reading the first instalment of a serial "Under The Red Robe," seemed neither specially to please nor offend. At the end of it all, some said, "Just what we thought." Others said "Give it time." They did, and the result was a programme which has established itself as one of the major successes of broadcasting history with a listening public of five million which includes an astonishing number of men.

* * * *

YOU may think that this is just another success story. Not so different from other successes from the same source. But to those of us who sit comfortably at the receiving end, just listening, appearances are deceptive. Five million people to please five days a week is a pretty formidable task.

It is one thing to present a programme with professional entertainers, or even with speakers who are experts in their subject and, perhaps, experienced in public address. They may need some education in microphone technique if they are newcomers to radio but no more. Imagine though the complications involved in producing people many of whom have no professional background and, inevitably, lack the assurance of those who are attuned to audiences. Just people with something interesting to say to women. Not all *Woman's Hour* broadcasters are non-professional, of course, but a great number of them are.

Miss Janet Quigley, who is the present editor of *Woman's Hour* and the moving spirit in its complicated

Women, they say, are hard to please, but the B.B.C. has succeeded in pleasing a vast number of them with the "Woman's Hour" programme which celebrates its sixth birthday this month. A behind-the mike picture of how it's done

organization, believes that it is this human element, this non-professional quality in the programme, which is the basis of its appeal. "We try to make it a forum of human experience," she says, and that, undoubtedly, is its strength.

How do they assess the reactions and the tastes of listeners? Largely through the immense flood of letters which express criticism, praise, individual tastes and interests and, incidentally, disclose much valuable information about backgrounds and listening habits.

It is an interesting reflection on human psychology that although so much of what is broadcast in *Woman's Hour* is, inevitably, a repetition of material dished up in all sections of the Press there is no clash of interests. The spoken word has the appeal of intimacy and authenticity which the written word, however good, can never quite match. *Woman's Hour*—more than most programmes—establishes a personal contact with the listener and her own life. One of its first aims is to reach the woman whose domestic ties exclude her from wider interests. Through her radio she can meet other women whose experiences match her own (always fascinating) as well as men and women who have lived and adventured in spheres which she, the listener, can never hope to penetrate.

Thirty items a week have to be unearthed and presented on this programme. Many of the ideas emanate from the letters. Great piles of manuscripts from would-be broadcasters have to be assessed. When an idea is approved by the editor, her producers go to work on it. The script may need adapting. In any case it must be adjusted for length to a split-second timing. Imagine the organization which is involved in fitting five, six or more features into sixty minutes so that no one of them runs a minute—even a few seconds—more or less than its allotted span.

* * * *

VOICE tests must be taken—few broadcasters fall down on this—inexperienced speakers are rehearsed. Unless you have spoken into a microphone you can have little idea of the traps it sets. A lift of the voice here; a pause there; an even pace (there is always a temptation to gabble) makes all the difference between a natural conversational manner and a stilted "reading." Try reading aloud for five minutes. Does it sound natural? The chances are that it won't, and you are *not* sitting before a frightening black box with five million listeners behind it.

With repeated rehearsal, alone in a studio with the producer, the inexperienced broadcaster gets the "feel" of the microphone, but when the actual broadcast comes, personal jitters are smoothed out by the presence of other broadcasters and the recent innovation of serving tea and a snack lunch to the *Woman's Hour* speakers has been successful in relieving nervous tension. A fact which, in turn, relieves tension for the producers.

It is not by any means the rule that the perfectly pitched voice, the cultivated accent, has the requisite quality for broadcasting success. Miss Naomi Jacob, who runs away with the popularity prizes on *Woman's Hour* is an example. Reading from her own book, *Late Lark Singing*, Miss Jacob comes to her audience in a sturdy Yorkshire accent with that confidential note, lit with the occasional chuckle, that establishes an (*Continued on page* 74)

Smoke Palls over Britain

Serious attempts are being made to make Britain one united smokeless zone

Smoke from open fires in older office blocks contributes to the fogs which bring city centres to a standstill

"DREAMS come true! May Day will be a Red Letter Day. A salute to the sun. There should be a procession of little children celebrating the victory of the sun and the defeat of smoke. For sunlight and pure air are the heritage of little children. . . ." Such was the enthusiastic comment of the *Manchester City News* on the eve of the city centre being declared a smokeless zone—the second in Britain, for Coventry banished smoke from their city centre in 1951.

We do, indeed, stand on the threshold of a cleaner, brighter and consequently healthier Britain, for the foul crimes of our guilty chimneys have had their heyday. If you had referred to smoke abatement a generation ago, many people would probably have thought you were praising the merits of some new brand of tobacco! It's a different story to-day for local authorities, industrialists, the medical profession and scores of other bodies now regard "smog," as the Americans call it, as a Public Enemy No. 1 whose ravages should be prevented by every means in our power.

FIRST of all, let's take a glance at the charge sheet of these guilty chimneys of ours. In their millions they stand already condemned of crimes as black as the soot they belch forth into the atmosphere—destroyers of light, health and property; allies of squalor, foes of the farmer and heaven knows what else beside.

To our "burning shame" we learn that 2,400,000 tons of smoke are released into the air each year, representing about two and a half million tons of coal which ought to be earning us vital dollars. Domestic and small users of coal are the worst offenders, for their contribution to this wasteful fouling of the atmosphere is estimated at 1,290,000 tons of smoke; industry adds another 700,000 tons, our railways 400,000 tons and power stations 10,000 tons.

But that's not all. Our chimneys are guilty of emitting 570,000 tons of ash, and 5,000,000 tons of sulphur dioxide are released into the atmosphere annually.

What are some of the results of these gloomy, smothering emissions? To start with, the sum total of the damage caused is estimated at £40 million a year, or about £1 per head of population. Soot deposits around many of our industrial areas is 300 tons to the square mile—in one particularly black spot, 500 tons.

The smoke pall over Manchester—before the smokeless zone helped to relieve the evil—meant that the city lost something like fifty per cent of the daylight it should have enjoyed. Glasgow fares even worse, for it loses over sixty per cent. The whole of this article could be devoted to smoke and its menace to health. For example, in one large industrial area, a nine-day "smog" sent the death rate from respiratory diseases up from a normal figure of 137 to 592.

According to the Barlow Report, the mortality rates of children under five from bronchitis and pneumonia was found to increase in marked degree from south to the north of the country, the maximum being in the industrial zone lying between Nottingham to the south and Harrogate to the north. "There can be no doubt," said the Report, "that this curious trend is chiefly attributable to smoke, with its attendant fog and deprivation of sunshine."

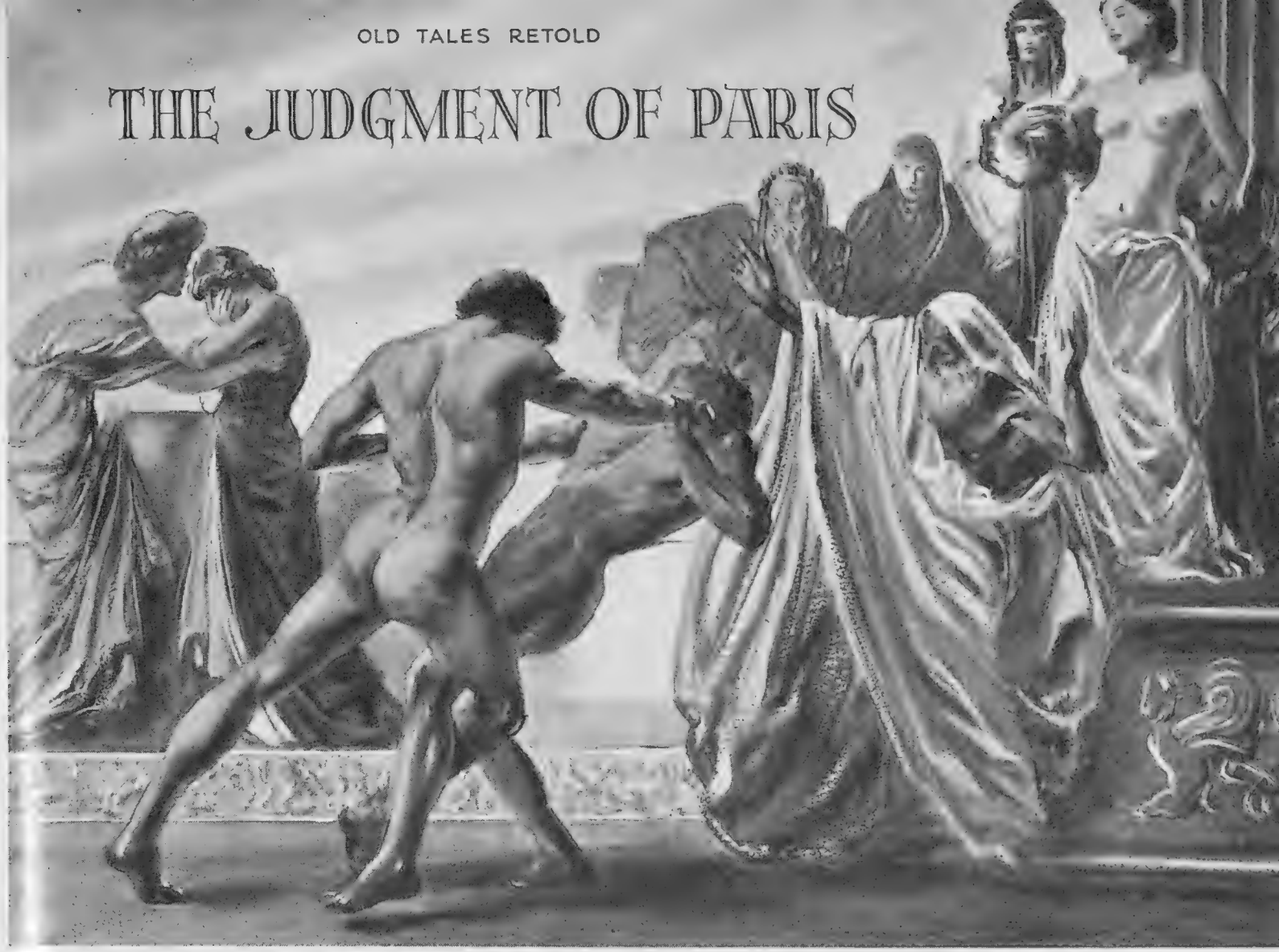
The Mellon (*Continued on page 76*)

An obliterating pall of smoke hangs over industrial Middlesbrough

By

TREVOR HOLLOWAY

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS



THE athletic prowess of Paris at the Trojan Games attracted the attention of royalty

How much is fact, how much is fiction?—

both have a place in the stories on Greek mythology

BY JOHN LEFROY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. HODGSON

A THOUSAND years before Christ, when David was a shepherd boy in Israel—perhaps a generation or so later at the time of The Judgment of Solomon, Troy existed, on the ruins of five other Troys. Situated a few miles inland from the southern shores of the Hellespont in what is now north-west Turkey, it had grown enormously rich on the tribute levied on the constant flow of traders, who chose this route between the Greek mainland and the fabulous wealth of Asia.

Did Priam, father of fifty sons and an unrecorded number of daughters, exist? Why not? There can have been no reason for inventing him or his tragic wife, Queen Hecuba, mother of nineteen of his sons. The Trojans had been prosperous for many generations, the Plain of Troy was fertile, it was a fine climate. So far the story is as historical as any from that period. But myth, which was the bible, the lawgiver, the history and the fairy book of the Greeks, insinuates itself into the verifiable foundations. History and romance, fact and fiction, indistinguishable to them, are left for us to distinguish, and of course the task is beyond us. We can only guess and use our common sense with what little historical perspective we have of that distant period.

When Paris was born, his parents ordered him to be destroyed. Fact or fiction? It is probably fact. In her pregnancy his mother, Hecuba, had been plagued by a terrifying dream. There's little unusual in that. Her dream was that she would give birth to a firebrand, the flames of which would spread over the whole of Troy. Infanticide was a common, and to them a reasonable solution of the problem of over-population and family limitation, and here was a cast-iron case for it.

But here history is swallowed up in legend and loses its separate identity; here too, begin Hecuba's troubles.

The infant Paris, instead of being destroyed, was exposed on a mountainside about eighty miles south-east of Troy. In those days exposure was the humaner form of family limitation. The child was simply left out in the open. It was for the gods to decide whether it was devoured by wild animals before it starved to death, or whether some childless farmer or shepherd picked it up and brought it up as his own. The gods usually decided the former, but there had been famous occasions when they had preferred the latter.

THE infant Paris, on a mission for mythology, got the latter. The rest of the story, except for the obvious highlights, is there for the tampering.

Brought up, like his foster-father, to be a shepherd on Mount Ida, he was (of course) tremendously beautiful and (of course) tremendously athletic. It is of only secondary importance that he had a pet bull, which he loved so well that, when they commandeered it to be the prize for the Victor Ludorum at the Trojan Games, he travelled eighty miles to Troy to compete for it. It was only right and proper that he should win every event, that he should, by his beauty and athletic prowess, attract the notice of royalty. Priam, his father, had

been a runner in his day. He had been handsome too. Hecuba, of course, had feminine intuition and a decent respect for the Fates. Paris was their son, and they were proud of him.

For one or more of many possible reasons he chose not to stay in Troy after his triumph, but to return with his pet bull to his sheep on Mount Ida. His eighteen brothers and thirty-one half-brothers may have become jealous and put pressure on him to leave the city. His mother, still remembering the firebrand nightmare, may have been playing for safety. It is most likely that he had someone special back on the mountain to return to.

No doubt he was made much of by the mountain folk. Perhaps they were not entirely surprised at his victory in the Games. They knew what he could do and they knew how he loved the bull. But he was a prince. A prince with a discerning eye, who had someone in mind, perhaps, for his princess. Oenone, as it turned out, was the girl he chose. Other candidates thought this hardly fair because, as a daughter of the local river-god, she could hardly be classed as human. Oh, well, they supposed a prince had to marry someone higher than a mountain girl. And there was no denying she was lovely. Perhaps it was a wise choice. Paris had a reputation for good taste.

Now that he had married into Deity, there seemed no end to his powers and ability. At least that is what we must surmise. For it was not long before Zeus, the Almighty, the cloud-compeller, King of All the Gods, commissioned him for a task requiring very special discernment, very profound wisdom. (It is possible that Zeus, who was often bored, had an ulterior motive. Some sources accuse him of having engineered the Trojan War, a conflict in which the gods played a prominent part, taking sides openly, and he seldom neglected a chance to assert his own omnipotence.)

There had been one of those Divine Weddings, a great affair, to which all the Deities had been asked. All, that is, but Eris, who always ruined every party with her malicious

ON a hot afternoon on Mount Ida, Paris sat contemplating the three goddesses. Athena offered renown in war; Hera, sovereignty over Asia; and Aphrodite offered the most beautiful woman in the world as his wife

gossip. Goddess of Discord, friend and sister of Ares, God of War, she was not the sort to tolerate such a slight without retaliation.

There was something about an apple, Eris realized, which excited young women. It seemed to symbolize something or other particularly desirable. She had had one made of pure gold, inscribed on it ΤΗΙΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΗ (To the Fairest), and at the psychological moment during the wedding festivities she rolled it in.

Almost at once the guests, who had so far been polite to each other, began to quarrel. There was no woman who did not judge herself the fairest and no man who did not hold strong views. However, thanks to Zeus, eliminations were comparatively painless till Aphrodite, Athena and that disagreeable, bullying wife of Zeus, Hera, were left in the final. Then the trouble and strife began. Zeus knew better than to be the final judge. Besides, he was somewhat biased, as Hera would have been the first to agree.

That, then, is how Paris came to be holding a golden apple that hot afternoon on Mount Ida and contemplating the three goddesses, Aphrodite, Athena and Hera, before him, as they exhibited their considerable charms, appealing with their beautiful eyes for that excruciatingly beautiful apple. One can well imagine the sensations caused among the mountain folk, friends and pastoral colleagues of Prince Paris. It is quite certain that all, who could, attended the epoch-making contest. All, anyhow, except Oenone, Paris's wife, whose sensations must have been quite different.

Gods and goddesses were not above bribery and corruption—there was nothing they *were* above when it suited them—and on this occasion their bribes were surely of divine proportions.

Athena, the warrior goddess, not yet matured into the farming lady of lofty culture who founded Athens, but serious and thoughtful withal, offered him renown in war. Paris throve on the delights of peace and pastoral contentment, and he lacked the perspicacity to assess the full benefits of pleasing Athena.

Hera's offer of sovereignty over all Asia was certainly tempting. As the wife of Zeus, the omnipotent, she would see to it that he got full value from the position. Many stories had come to him about Asia. It was undoubtedly a very rich land, very exotic, very mysterious and very exciting. At this point he threw the apple up and caught it with the other hand. Asia.... There was Aphrodite. Unbribed, he would not have given the matter a second thought. After all, she was Goddess of Love and Beauty, two qualities he specially admired, and she certainly made the very best of her beauty. She seemed to have vitality as well as perfection of form. He could tell, too, that the folk of Ida were powerfully struck by her. But could she outbid Hera's Asia and all that went with it? Aphrodite, with naïve and crushing aplomb, offered him the most beautiful woman in the world as his wife. She was obviously not the Goddess of Fidelity. She was offering an already married man an already married woman. The most beautiful woman in the mortal world was Helen, wife, after several vicissitudes, to King Menelaus of Sparta, one of the mightiest kings of all Greece, and notorious for his imperialist ambitions.

Poor Paris! What chance had he? Of what avail were morals in this issue? The offer had been a Divine one. Was it for him to question it? Poor Oenone, how could she compete with the loveliest goddess and the loveliest mortal?

PARIS had judged; he had chosen Love and Beauty, Infidelity and downright robbery. This was how his mother, Hecuba, must have put it to herself that night before she went mad, changed into a dog and leapt into the sea.

Surely, she asked herself, even if he had no misgivings as he set sail from Troy for Greece, he had them as he tiptoed with the lovely wife of his host Menelaus out of the Spartan palace by moonlight to his chariot; surely he had them as he raced her away to his fleet of Trojan ships?

But no, Paris was not like Polydorus, her dearest son. Poor Hecuba! Ten awful years of fighting, of losing one son after another. Hector, her eldest and most gallant of them, perhaps the most handsome, certainly the kindest; he had died too, pierced by a spear from the wrathful Achilles. As if this was not enough, he had been tied to Achilles's chariot and dragged seven times round the walls of the city. Never would she forget that ghastly disgrace. And then Priam, her dear old husband, so kingly most of the time, but so devotedly humble when it came to begging for Hector's body, had been wantonly stabbed by that unspeakable Pyrrhus, Achilles's arrogant son. Then Polydorus's murder and her banishment as a slave to Thrace after her beloved Troy had been burned to the ground. Her dream had come true. Paris had been the firebrand after all.

HE tiptoed with the lovely wife of his host, Menelaus, out of the Spartan palace by moonlight to his chariot and raced her to his fleet of Trojan ships

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S

Tapes and Cords

This 1875-80 dress (1, 2 and 3) is of heavy stiff poult silk. The shoulder seam is slanted well back (Fig. 2). The underskirt has a row of knee-high box pleats appliqued across the front, and two rows across the back.

WE have become so "Victoria-conscious" since 1950 that the dresses of the nineteenth century are now more familiar to us than those of any other period of history. Yet how many of us, seeing the effect produced by bustle and crinoline, ever give a thought to the actual "mechanics" of these dresses? Do we ever realise the difficulties of keeping them uncreased in a world in which the coat-hanger had not been invented; or wonder how the complicated draperies could be preserved in their lovely folds and loops—uncrushed in chests of drawers, "presses" and wardrobes? The answer is *tapes* . . .

I have in my collection several silk gowns of the 1860-80 period of which these two are perfect examples. The photographs above are of an 1875-80 dress of heavy stiff poult silk in a beautiful shade of midnight blue with buttons and ribbons of slate-coloured satin. Its tight bodice is stiffly boned and lined with pale grey and white striped linen. The high silk neckline has a real lace collar of Buckinghamshire pillow lace and the shoulder seam is slanted well back to a line behind the top of the shoulder blade (See Fig. 2). All its edges are bordered with three rows of fine piping and it is in two parts. The underskirt, which can be seen in Fig. 3, has a row of knee-high box pleats appliqued across the front and the full-trained back has two rows of frills. Inside, just above the knees at the sides, two tapes are stitched which must be tied at the back to keep the front of the skirt close to the figure and the train in its fan-shaped folds. The overdress buttons from the neck to knee-level, where it is joined and gathered under a cascade of loops of satin ribbon and ends in a frill to match the train and curves down to floor-length at the back (see Fig. 2).

But let Anne, our charming model, turn up this overdress and what do we find? Tapes—all fourteen of them! Five each side and four at the centre-back. (*Continued on page* 74)

BY MARY IRELAND

This dress, made in 1860, is of chalk-grey moiré silk, worn over a crinoline.

JANE AUSTEN—

The Genius and the Woman

A SOCIETY is said to have been formed in the '20's for studying the Transscendentalism of *Pride and Prejudice*. Whether it is true or not, I don't know, but I doubt it. The rumour must have been started by a frustrated highbrow who could not think of a sufficiently abstruse reason for his finding Jane Austen the greatest of all English novelists. Logan Pearsall Smith, the high priest of highbrows, wrote of her novels: "Once we take them up we cannot put them down; we are borne on, breathless, to their termination." That could be true for all of us, whatever the brow elevation.

What is it about this feminine genius of the eighteenth century which captures our devotion to her as a novelist and as a person? Perhaps, in the first place, because her books are so readable and re-readable, all through, with no boring lapses or embarrassing patches. Then, as a person, she seems to have been so nice; so very ordinary; so little of a lion. Just the sort of quiet, friendly, amusing, well-balanced person it would be fun to meet.

The stock idea of the female creative artist (quite false and out of date, I hope) is of someone difficult, intense, impracticable. A woman who can't manage to dress like other women, conduct an orderly private life or get the bathwater hot, and is excused for these failures on the ground that she has a soul above such mundane things. But Jane Austen—one of the greatest of creative artists—had none of these characteristics. Neither in her books nor in her life did she indulge in wild splashes of creative abandon.

EVERYTHING is pruned down to a neat, economical, well-balanced orderliness. She worked, as she herself put it, "with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour" on a "little bit of ivory two inches wide." Her niece, Caroline, in her Memoir, writes of Jane and her sister Cassandra that "they were particularly neat and held all untidy ways in great disesteem."

Jane was by all accounts far from being difficult or unrestful to live with. She had six brothers and one sister and, after a lively, gay, happy childhood and girlhood, she and Cassandra stayed contentedly at home and kept house for their widowed mother and the relatives who constantly came to stay. She spent a good deal of her time, Caroline remembers, in writing, but she also loved music, getting up to practise before breakfast, so as not to disturb the family. She sewed well and, as her share of the housekeeping, got the breakfast daily and had charge of the tea and sugar and wine. She had, as we can tell from her books, a large sense of humour and a witty tongue, though we are told that she was never catty or unkind with her witticisms. Nor was she in the least intense or self-lionising about herself or her work.

Her writing was mostly done while she sat with the family, on scraps of paper which she pushed under the blotter when anyone came. She was fond of reading—indeed, she must have been, to acquire that perfect style. But "I did not often see my aunt with a book in her hand," says Caroline. Nor apparently did she pontificate about her literary opinions. We know that she admired the poet Crabbe, but again, according to Caroline, after studying his work and making "diligent enquiry," she was ere long able to inform the rest of the family that he held the living of Trowbridge and had recently married a second time." That, if ever there was one, is a nice lowbrow comment to be made by a genius on her favourite poet.

Jane never married, but we gather that there were two or three men in her life. We might have known more about them if Cassandra had not destroyed a large number of the letters written to her by her sister, probably for the very reason that they gave away too much about what Jane would no doubt have called her "attachments." We do know that when she was twenty-one she was "getting herself talked about" with Tom Lefroy, the future Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. Of his she writes flippantly to Cassandra. He had but one fault, "that his morning coat is a great deal too light" and, if he proposes to her, she will refuse him "unless he promises to give away his white coat."

Lefroy was sent away by his aunt, one of Jane's greatest friends and, incidentally, my great-great-great-grandmother, "that no more mischief might be done" (he was very young and not yet even called to the Bar), and it seems likely, from what Jane says and leaves unsaid, that her heart was, if not broken, at least mildly cracked.

But, among all her brothers' friends and her partners at all the Assemblies and other local gaieties, Jane must have met many men who helped her to forget Tom. Kipling, in his poem "Jane's Marriage," guesses that her real love was the original of Captain Wentworth, in *Persuasion*, a quiet, kind, reliable sailor and "Hampshire Gentleman." At any rate, Jane was by no means a man-hater, nor an embittered spinster, working off her frustration in her work. Or, if she was working something off, she did it philosophically, humorously, quietly.

Many people feel that they could Do Something, write great books, be successful, if only they had the chance—if only they had been to a university, if they could go about and see life, and meet the right, intellectual people, if they had somewhere quiet to work, if there was someone else to mind the children or nurse mother. Jane is the perfect example to me of someone who made the best of what she had, cutting her coat exactly to fit her cloth. She went about and met people, but only the same quiet, homely, non-intellectual sort of people as her own family and friends. Her one excursion into high life, when the Prince Regent's (*Continued on page 72*)

BY JOHN USBORNE

Jupiter Jones

They streamed endlessly in their carriages through the village. The boy had never before imagined that women could be so deliberately beautiful.

THE boy's name was Johnnie. His mother was a governess who, out of the loneliness and contempt in which girls of her class were held in those days, had an affair with one of the gardeners and, in order to give her child a name, married him.

Condemned to spend the rest of her life amidst the ashes of a burnt-out passion whilst he—a handsome, lusty brute—found his enjoyment elsewhere, she yet retained a certain amount of authority over him.

But he had nothing but hatred for the boy and took his spite out on her through him.

He was an ugly, unattractive child, easily scared into clumsiness and stupidity so that he was alternately the butt and the outcast of the other children and the target for the mordaunt wit of his schoolmaster.

What he learned he gained more from his mother, who, in secret, passed on to him her own passion for fine words. He was so slow and sparing of speech that the village looked upon him almost as a " dumbie " and little better than a natural. When he was strong enough to do a man's work he was taken up to the big house by his father and set to work in the gardens there, and whatever else he learned he gathered at the bitter end of his father's stick.

It was the house his mother had been employed at. The people had fallen on bad times and the staff was always being cut down until of the outside staff only his father and he remained.

Eventually the place was sold and they were kept on on a hit-and-miss part-time basis. Times were hard. He had always known hunger as a part of the background of life ; now it became a daily companion.

Then came news that the place had been bought by a great gentleman in London, and after a while his name reached even the boy's ears. " Jupiter " Jones, they called him, and probably of all the village only the schoolmaster, the boy's mother, and Johnnie himself knew the " Jupiter " for a nickname. He wasn't even called " Mister " : just " Jupiter " Jones, and that was the name he went by to the ends of the earth, for he was in everything, chairman of innumerable companies, founder of many a great enterprise, a bright star flashing through the firmament of the commercial world.

AT his bidding the quiet world of the village was transformed. He had bought not one but half-a-dozen or more adjoining estates and they were now merged into one, rivalling any in the land in its great extent. The house itself was pulled down ; an army of builders arrived to build a great new place—a palace of many terraces and colonnades in the florid Italian style. Indeed, a number of skilled craftsmen were brought specially from Italy to carve the panels and ceilings of the vast rooms. The boy would slip away to watch them spellbound, seeing beauty grow out of dull wood and stone under the magic of their fingers ; his scant speech no bar to him here, where a language barrier already existed. They smiled at him, flashing their white teeth in their dark faces.

When the house was finished then came the turn of the gardens. A great landscape gardener was employed, lakes and bridges were formed, woods cleared, even the top of an obstructing hill removed, statues and arbours placed cunningly so that from every window of the house new enchantment was revealed.

There was to be a small army of gardeners ; money once so scarce was everywhere, like the sunlight itself ; his father was retained and Johnnie went with him, too insignificant to be taken into separate account.

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY BY E. C. HORNSBY

On right—As his carriage went down the drive he stood up in it and looked back at his great house and smiled.

All sorts of people kept arriving, each more important than the last, and each in turn the boy thought must be the great " Jupiter " Jones for certain, and each time they turned out to be only his various servants and officials, and still the great man himself did not appear. They heard that he was abroad, engaged on some far-reaching negotiations with a foreign Government ; that he was back triumphant ; that he had been received at Windsor ; that he had given magnificently to this or that charity. It was whispered that his wealth was beyond imagination ; his agent—a great gentleman in himself—had been heard to say, with a quick glance round and a lowering of the voice, that even " Jupiter " Jones himself had no idea of the extent of his own riches.

THEN in the autumn " Jupiter " Jones came, amidst a horde of guests. They streamed endlessly in their carriages through the village so that the women neglected their work and stood at the gates to watch. The boy had never before imagined that women could be so beautiful, so *deliberately* beautiful. He thought his mother beautiful, but that was part of her, like the warmth and softness of her, accidental, as it were, like the flash of colour in a bird's wing. But these creatures were designed to attract, like the great, flaming blossoms with which the greenhouses were ablaze. He marked the bold eyes of these women ; they looked at nothing, but all the time seemed to expect to be stared at.

Of the great dinners, the lavish entertainment, they only caught the whirling skirts of it in the gardens. Each day thousands of blooms were carried into the house and each morning great masses of them, dead and dying, were brought out and piled for destruction. As the boy and his father plodded home and passed near to the house they would hear the clatter of plates, the strains of a band, glimpse at resplendent figures through the lighted windows, whilst outside the last of the birdsong was hushed by the gathering twilight under the quivering stars.

In the evening twilight he gathered a bunch of flowers.

The boy had caught one or two glimpses of " Jupiter " Jones. He was younger than the boy had imagined him, but portly and of a fine, open countenance, and about him such an air of affable prosperity that you felt your own life illumined by it. Apart from his wealth and power, everybody told of his charm, his unfailing kindness, his consideration for all who came in contact with him. If a thing was to be done, if anything was to be put right, it was done instantly—and magnificently. A new village school arose at his bidding, repairs to the church long overdue were put in hand in a flourish.

He became almost legendary, a kind of worship grew up, so that people spoke of him with tears in their eyes as if he were something godlike come to earth to put its troubles right with his golden salve.

And deep within him, unknown to anyone, the boy Johnnie felt an odd kinship with this great man ; so he would have acted, so looked, so spoken if he had not been inside his rickety prison of a body, with its heavy, lolling head and stiff-lipped mouth. He saw " Jupiter " as himself—freed.

THEY might never have met except for accident.

The relations between the boy and his father had grown worse. His mother had died a few weeks earlier. Whether the man was sorry in his own fashion or felt freer to deal with the boy it is perhaps kindlier not to enquire, but the father's hatred reached a new violence, and one early morning some chance slip of the boy gave him his excuse. Johnnie was crouched doglike at the man's feet, dumb even to suffering, whilst the man in frenzied brutality lashed at him with his stick, when round the corner of the clipped hedge came " Jupiter " Jones, to see in a flash what was going on and to stop, appalled.

" Stop ! Stop ! " he cried in a high-pitched voice. It came out in a scream, as though from an outraged woman, and the man with the stick raised and the boy crouching at his feet both stared in amazement. Shaking in every limb, " Jupiter " Jones fought for control of himself.

" By God ! " he roared, in a voice that would have set an army quaking, so full of indignant command it was, " By God, I 'll have none of that here ! "

In a flash he had the stick out of the man's hand and flung it over the hedge. He was so beside himself with anger that it looked as if he was going to fall on the fellow tooth and nail if the beauty hadn't taken to his heels and fled.

" Jupiter " Jones stood panting for breath, with gusts of rage shaking him every now and then like nausea. Suddenly he put his hands—soft, chubby white hands they were—over his face and burst into tears. Johnnie had never seen a man cry before and was appalled.

" Oh, God ! " said " Jupiter," and sobbed like a woman. It was quite a while before he regained control.

" It 's all right," he said. " It 's just that I can't stand cruelty, and this world can be so cruel—so devilishly cruel." He choked again and then went on, in a low, fierce voice, oblivious of the staring boy. " Mankind 's the vilest beast of all," he said. " If you 're its master it fawns on you, licks your hand, but when you 're down, when you 're weak and helpless, there 's nothing so cruel and savage that it won't do to you. Never to be weak : that 's it—never to be weak ; don't give it a chance ! "

He mopped his face with his handkerchief, looked down at the boy almost with bewilderment, and then slowly his genial smile peeped out again.

" I 've frightened you, boy," he said. " Made you cry. I didn't mean to."

He had fully recovered now, was once more the kindly, affable gentleman.

" Well, you are an ugly-looking little devil, and no mistake," he said, in a good-natured, joking fashion. " A regular Caliban. Not that you know who that is, eh ? "

The boy shook his head ; he *did* know, but whatever the gentleman expected of him that he was prepared to be.

" What 's your name ? " asked " Jupiter " Jones, more as if he didn't know now quite how to finish the affair.

The boy couldn't make his lips move for a moment.

(*Continuation on page 68*)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYS

Too Much Respect For Period

By

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

WE have always been a race of gardeners and now there are signs that our interest, which has never ceased to be lively, in interior decoration, may produce some interesting results. At least, we have progressed from the *marquete.ie*, the *chinoiserie* and the *grotesquerie* of the past to a neutral state in which there is less positive ugliness and here and there some real beauty.

It should not be difficult for us to have the best-decorated homes in Europe, for the French and Italians and Spaniards who have made in the past the most admirable furniture and textiles have become such café-dwellers, such diners-out, that their homes are often perfunctorily decorated. The Scandinavians who, like us, are forced by their climate to spend more time in the house have some original and traditional schemes for its embellishment, but they lack the influence of that great era of civilized living which preceded the French Revolution. We, as islanders and colonists, have not only had beautiful things from all over the world, have not only pilfered the ideas of neighbouring countries, but have created and adapted our own. We have everything in our favour, in fact.

The happiest English interiors have often grown to a natural and harmonious grace by a process more accumulative than consciously discriminating. I am thinking of those much lived-in rooms in country houses, rooms which overlook a pleasant garden whose scents invade it. Once, perhaps, care and discussion went to the choice of paint or wallpaper, once someone visited a number of shops to choose the curtains.

But these and the carpet and chaircovers have grown to maturity together and no one notices any more what colour or pattern they may have. They are there as the mixed hedge is at the bottom of the garden, they are taken for granted and unobtrusive.

BESIDES, with time, so much has been brought in to cover the walls that there is not much of them visible. There is the one ancestor painted by William Erry, perhaps, which was left to you by Aunt May because, as she said in her Will, she knew you would appreciate it; and there's that flower painting picked up at an auction which you believe rather good and intend to have valued one day when you have time; your grandfather's sword hangs there because he had it in the Crimean War and it's a beauty, anyway; then that really lovely carved mirror (you *must* get that piece of carving put back—you've kept it in the bureau drawer long enough); the three Dresden plates which are so colourful and fresh that you've sometimes thought of trying to carry out in real flowers the design in their centre; the water-colour—who did the Vicar say it was by? David Cox, of course; the sampler which your mother is certain her mother did as a child though the initials are all wrong and you're sure it's older; the pair of sporting prints which those rich people who took the Manor furnished one year gave you as a Christmas present and which are sure to be *good*, though you have never been quite certain that you like them there over the bookshelf; the perfectly exquisite old fan which you found in Cadiz that time and nearly left behind in another shop; and the family silhouettes and miniatures, rather an undistinguished collection you always feel, though they do look nice over the mantelpiece.

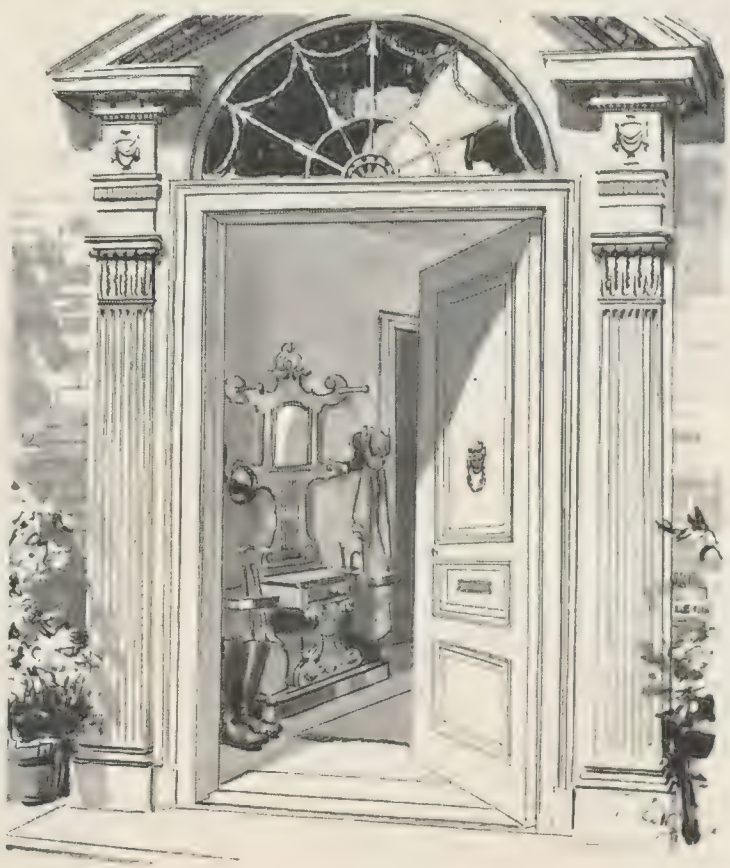
The happiest English interiors have often grown to a natural and harmonious grace more accumulative than consciously discriminating

How crowded the room itself seems to have become. There was enough furniture to "do" it with when you came to live here just after the first World War, but more has crept in since then. Some good pieces—well, that awful Mr. Thing who knew all about furniture said the walnut bureau was worth over a hundred pounds and you know the little mahogany sofa table is a fine piece. Then that silver rose-bowl—the Madame Edouard Herriots *do* look nice in it—George's cigar-box, the pewter on that shelf, a grand old oak bible box, the snuff boxes which Charlie started collecting at one time, and—but you can't catalogue it all. You feel happy and at peace in the room and never forget to bring flowers into it.

There is no room more charming than one which has grown like that in the home of people with a certain amount of taste but not much specialized knowledge of decoration. But no one can make it by deliberately bringing together good miscellaneous things. If that is attempted the result will be a stage-set or an antique shop kept by energetic ladies. It has to grow of its own accord and will do so if its owner has enough natural discrimination and lives another twenty-five years.

AT the other extreme are those rooms which attempt fidelity to a certain period so that everything irrelevant to it is severely excluded. The age which is most generally in favour at the moment is the Regency, for which the most I myself can say is that its productions are less ugly than those of the Victorians, but too *outré* and Gothic in conception to be more than a decorator's fad. I know one house built during the Regency which in the manner of its time has pointed windows and, I seem to remember, a bit of faked battlement here and there, while it has been furnished and decorated in period.

It has great charm, a voluptuous diversity of colour and is almost flawless in its faithfulness (*Continued on page* 66)



The Downs

By Christopher Trent

(Top) Harvest time in the high valley near Minterne Magna. Despite its beauty the Vale yields crops far below the average for the country. **(Above)** White Nothe from Ringstead Bay is one of the beauty spots where the Dorset Downs reach the sea. **(Right)** A village of the Downs approaching Charminster

(Left) Cerne Abbas from the hills. The heritage of this delightful spot lies in the past—in the abbey of which little but the church remains. **(Below)** Abbotsbury, peaceful in the noonday sun. There is not a sign of movement in this street of old stone houses under the face of the southern downs. **(Bottom)** Old houses by the church at Cerne Abbas

# of Dorset

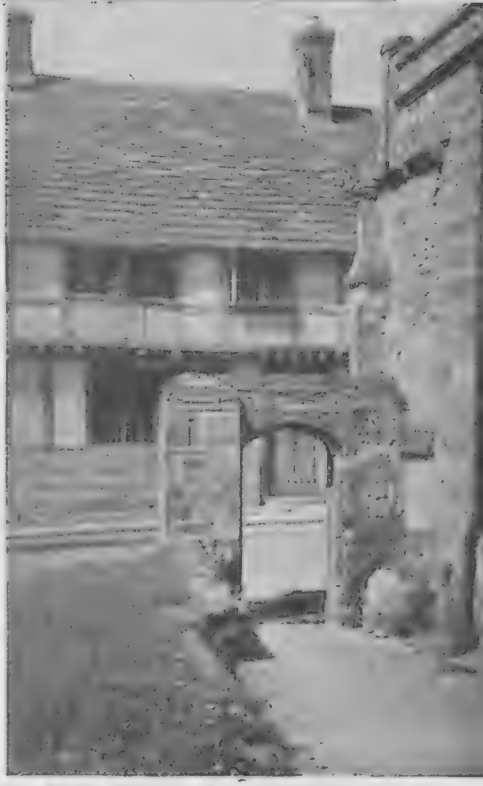
The Vale of Blackmore—that little-known central mass of the Dorset Downs—remains almost untouched by the passage of time even to-day

IN spite of all the interest that Thomas Hardy's novels have aroused in some parts of Dorset, the central mass of the downs and the Vale of Blackmore remain largely unknown country. A main road bounds them on the north—the highway to the west which leads from Shaftesbury towards Yeovil. There is another main road near their southern limit from Blandford Forum to Dorchester. Those four towns, Blandford, Shaftesbury, Dorchester and Yeovil, are the points of a roughly shaped rectangle which encloses rather more than five hundred square miles of exciting country in which there is not one large town and not a single main road but only the quiet, winding ways which link village with village and village with market town.

Even Thomas Hardy, for all his intimate knowledge of the Wessex countryside, does not seem to have adventured far into this unknown territory, for few of the places within the rectangle have any counterpart in his books. Cerne Abbas, the capital of the downland country, is Hardy's Abbot's Cernel, Maiden Newton appears as Chalk Newton, Minterne Magna as Great Hintock, and there may be a few others. But the greater number of the tiny hamlets and villages which make up the farming communities of the central downs escaped Hardy's notice as surely as they do that of the modern traveller.

Many holiday-makers remember the Dorset Downs only as a bold semicircle of hills behind Weymouth Bay made conspicuous by the equestrian figure of George III cut in the face of the chalk and mocking, as it were, the prehistoric and medieval hill figures of England. Those southern-facing hills in fact are only an offshoot, though a very charming one, of the Downs, which look northward and bisect the county from north-east to south-west, from Shaftesbury to the Devon boundary.

All this countryside is a part of the chalk formation which gives southern England its greatest distinction. It is closely related to the Sussex Downs, to the Chiltern Hills and, above all, to Salisbury Plain. It is like one spoke of a wheel whose hub is the central plateau of the chalk centred on Salisbury and the Marlborough Downs. The outer rim of the wheel is broken (*Continued on page* 58)



BERNARD NEWMAN DAPHNE DU MAURIER MARY MITCHELL DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

IT is good to be able to salute a teenager for something more than a taste in films, square dancing, boy-meets-girl fiction, and cosmetics. Juana de Leon was a Spanish girl of fourteen when a sister, anxious for her safety after the fall of Badajoz in the Peninsular War, took her to the tent of Captain Harry Smith. And what did that gallant, handsome young officer do? Marry her. Quickly she learned to ride and joined the army on the march, hugging her little pug Vittoria, living a campaigning idyll of adventure, even meeting the great Wellington himself. That is the most enchanting part of Jane-Eliza Hasted's **"The Gentle Amazon"** (Museum Press, 16s.), a biography of Lady Smith—for that is what the camp-follower duly became, as wife of Governor Sir Harry Smith, giving her name to the Natal town besieged in the Boer War. She was a lovely, dark-eyed beauty, the darling of the regiment, but she could cook, making the most of rations in field and billet. She made the most, too, of her adored, adoring Harry, so the story is a happy one to read.

NOT so happy is that of a lost cause—Prince Charles's march over the Border in the '45 and the pitiful but unavoidable about-turn at Derby. In **"The Rash Adventurer"** (Hale, 18s.) Winifred Duke recounts the exploit mainly through the letters, memoirs and spoken testimony of people who lived through it, either as participants or alarmed spectators, some of whom rushed to hide their children in cupboards from the fierce Highlanders as if they were cannibals. Girls like Lancashire lass Elizabeth Byrom might be thrilled to run out in her white gown to see bonny Charlie on his charger, but for most it was a harrowing time with the screams of frightened women as *obligato* to the skirl of pipes: drama that Miss Duke marshals expertly.

SO many friends told me of coach tours through Yugoslavia this summer that I turned to Bernard Newman's **"Tito's Yugoslavia"** (Hale, 18s.) with special interest. It opens with the story of the man who, soon after the war, shouted "Down with Stalin!" and was jailed for four years. Resolved not to make the same mistake on his release, he shouted "Long live Stalin!" and was promptly jailed for another four. It seems a topsy-turvy country in which one in ten were casualties, one in four are now civil servants, mostly incompetent (to quote a U.S. newsman there) and some things are so fantastically dear that a packet of razor blades equals a porter's fortnight's wages and you can buy chianti in Trieste at thirty-six dinars a bottle and sell the *empties* over the border for fifty each! This illustrated close-up is vivid, informative, often astonishing.

A SUNNY sanity, by contrast, radiates from Douglas Goldring's **"The South Of France"** (Macdonald, 15s.). Having lived there cheaply, perforce, for years which were among the happiest of his life, he points the way to those who wish to visit cheaply, skipping the luxury hotels and restaurants publicised by "journalistic food snobs" where nowadays "only the 'super-spivs,' privileged members of the international set who find ways of defrauding the Treasury, and business men with lavish expenses accounts, are able to stay. . . ." He certainly knows his *Côte d'Azur*, and is a discriminating guide.

"WHERE the French admit the pleasure of eating and drinking and enjoy watching, (*Continued on page* 63)

Choice Of The Month

ANTONIA WHITE

RACHEL TRICKETT

CHAPEL AND CHELSEA

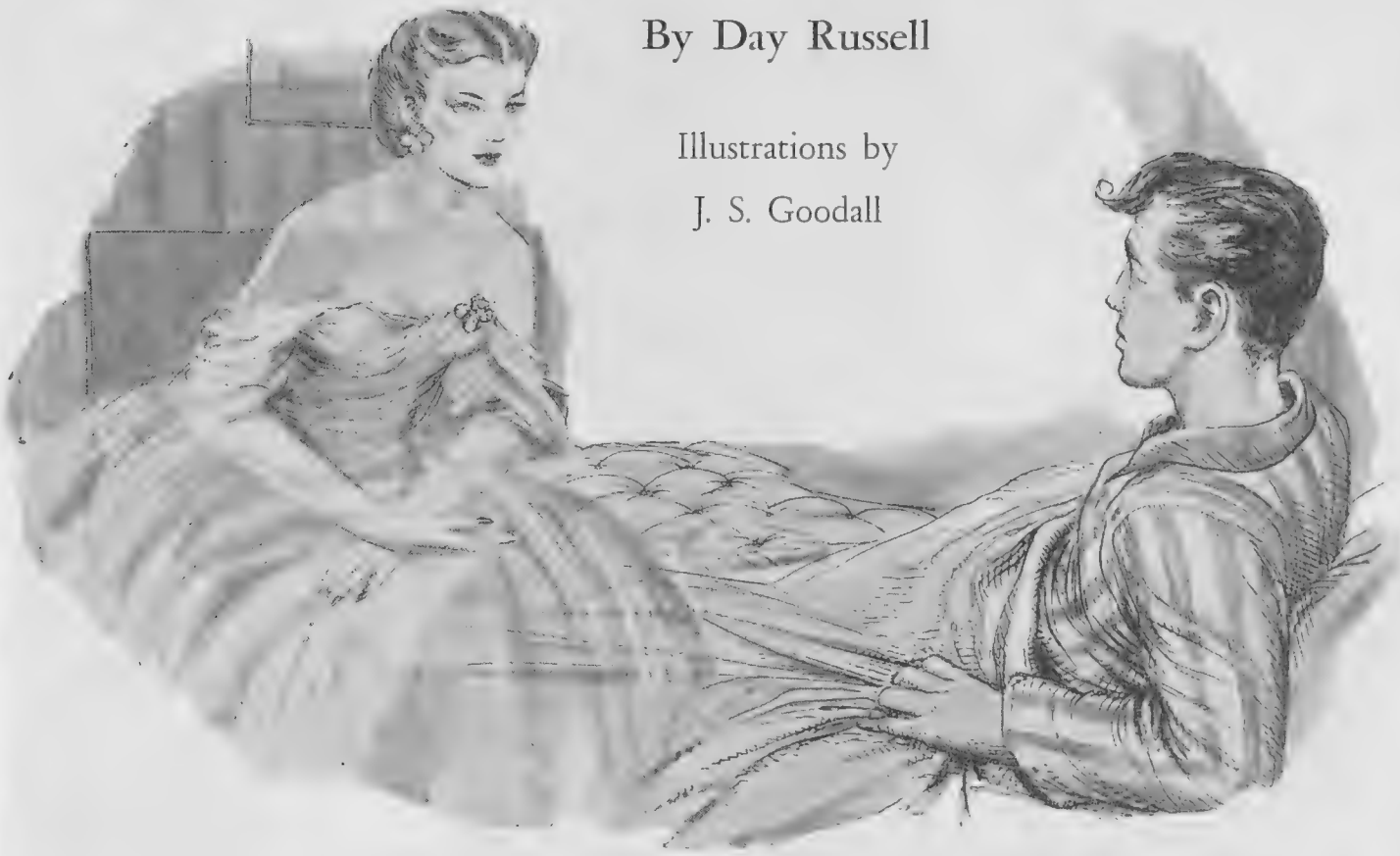
SOME of the best novels have simple themes; the art is in the manner of presenting them. This applies to Rachel Trickett's first, **"The Return Home"** (Constable, 13s. 6d.), which is about nothing more than a Nonconformist chapel girl intent on the ministry, her love for a sophisticated young man her brother introduces from London, and the shock to her life and faith when he suddenly drops her. The quiet, unstrained style reminds me of that exquisite story of Cavalier poet Henry Vaughan, Helen Ashton's *The Swan Of Usk*.

THE heroine of Antonia White's sequel to *The Lost Traveller*—**"The Sugar House"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.)—is a Catholic who tries writing, then a touring company, falls in love with an actor, and on the rebound marries a weak, pitiable character who seeks solace in drink for his inability to consummate the marriage. Their frustrated life in Chelsea, and her near-fall for a too-masculine painter, are vividly portrayed by a novelist who now seems as familiar with London's Bohemia as she was with the convent school of *Frost In May*.

Echo of a Dream

By Day Russell

Illustrations by
J. S. Goodall



THE professor was aware that he did not look his best at that time in the morning, and it was disconcerting to have a vision sitting on the end of his bed

THE professor had a distinct impression that he had seen the devil. What is more, the devil had been—contrary to tradition—feminine, but—as might have been expected—beautiful.

"So they've taken over that place, too!" he had muttered.

The laugh that had replied to his mutter had been one of those gay frivolous things, a leaf in the sun tossed by a breeze.

"I think you are terribly clever!"

The blood had rushed to his head. It was a stupid meaningless remark and for some reason these past weeks he had been particularly sensitive to stupidity. It was going to be a relief to get away from the university for a while into the realm of pure research.

He had pulled himself together quickly. The devil is subtle, he had remembered and the silly flattery had been probably intended to disrupt his natural calm, making him vulnerable.

Charles Rodney, author of two books and several monographs, trailing degrees behind his name like the tail of a brilliant comet, lay quietly in bed. He was young for the mark he had made in biological circles; a little careless in his personal appearance; intriguing to the opposite sex in a studious, stooping and quick-witted way; annoying to the other sex in his apparent disregard for anything except their minds.

He was not, however, an absent-minded type; nor was he given to hallucination.

Yet he had had the distinct impression of waking up and seeing this startlingly beautiful girl at the end of his bed. Like her laugh and her voice, her appearance had given the illusion of frivolous empty-headed femininity. Yet there was something about the reddish-gold hair, immaculately coiffured, that had suggested a pair of horns. He had, influenced by folk-lore, glanced down at her feet to see the cloven hoof, but her dress had been too long.

Her dress remained in his mind, an evening dress, a mist of tulle below bare shoulders, a gathered fullness below the waist billowing over an underlying pattern of gold: as light as air; as light as her laughter.

The professor was aware he did not look his best in the morning and in the circumstances it had been disconcerting to have such a vision sitting on the end of his bed taking a lively interest in his mortal body with, no doubt, an eye on his immortal soul.

He lay quietly, trying to recapture every nuance of her presence, wondering why he should have been so strongly convinced of her infernal nature, wondering why a modern like himself should be so strongly convinced that she had been actually sitting there at all.

EVERYONE knows how sometimes one can wake up in the morning, jump brightly out of bed, wash and dress, only to wake up again and find it has all been one of those half-conscious wishful-thinking morning dreams. On the other hand there was that fellow Dunne whose book, *An Experiment With Time*, had made out quite a case for his theory that morning dreams could probe into the future.

"You are terribly clever," she had breathed. "I'm not a bit clever myself but I adore clever people. And, of course, I can imagine nothing more exciting than biology."

"Naturally!" His comment had been sarcastic. Her figure had been designed to be an irresistible temptation. "You are the end product of biology. Its final triumph. Nature making its lure ever more attractive to trap the increasingly reluctant male. I should point out, however, that my interest in biology is entirely intellectual."

She had laughed again, that light blown-leaf laugh.

"Oh, Professor Rodney! Or may I call you Charles? I love the name Charles, don't you? You are trying to be stuffy, aren't you? I suppose you live your life with stuffed animals and old bones. Old bones! Oh dear! Maybe you'll dry out like old bones!"

He had waited for her laugh to finish bedevilling his senses before he called her bluff. She had given herself away with that last insinuation.

A POLICEMAN from a police car was crossing the road from the garage. He came into the restaurant, looked round, saw them and came over. "Since when did you think you could desert a couple of smashed cars at an intersection?" he asked

"You'll dry out like old bones!"

It had always been a familiar device of the devil to point out the emptiness of one's life before tempting the victim with the illusions of wealth, fame and beauty.

"My dear girl . . ." he had begun. Then he had had the curious feeling of waking up again and finding her gone, vanished.

HE lay quietly for a few moments and then threw off the bedclothes.

"Hallucination!" he muttered. "Or a dream. Each is merely one aspect of the other."

He went into the bathroom and began to shave. His face in the mirror seemed particularly unpleasant to him and he stared at it. The words of Doctor Fleming came back to him.

"If you develop one side of yourself at the expense of the other you must expect the consequences. All work and no play. Theoretical biology and no practice is like knowing all about the instruments of an orchestra and never hearing a symphony."

"Nonsense," muttered Charles Rodney at his reflection.

"Schizophrenia," Fleming had said. "That's probably how it will take you. Split personality. Maybe when you are about forty."

"I'm thirty-two," Charles told his reflection.

Then he stared at himself. Talking to himself. Hallucinations. Hearing voices. All symptoms of schizophrenia!

THE doorman of the service apartments had his car waiting for him as usual after breakfast. It was a sporting coupé, a gesture which his modest private income allowed him and one which seemed to gain him more respect on the campus than his wider reputation in his subject. He tossed his briefcase in, thanked the doorman, and then drove off.

He was more aware of the world as he drove as though the visitation of the morning had awakened his senses. He noticed the sky was the washed blue of a spring morning, that the green of the tree foliage was new and bright, that lawns were almost vivid with new grass and flower beds were glowing with colour.

It all seemed to have happened very suddenly or perhaps he had been too preoccupied lately with the mass of detail in planning the Mexican expedition for the summer. It was difficult for a man like Fleming to understand the intense absorption and excitement that came with planning to excavate the site of a prehistoric waterhole. It had dried out about a hundred thousand years ago leaving behind it a buried harvest of old bones. Old bones.

"You'll dry out like old bones, Charles!"

THE echo of her words and her laugh startled him and he drove through a red traffic light, then swerved violently from the other coupe crossing with the green light. The girl in the other car swung her wheel but the professor sheared her fender and his with a rending shriek of metal. The steering wheel punched him in the stomach and the windscreen smacked his head; there was a moment of utter silence in the tree-lined suburban street and then an anguished gasp of dismay as the girl at the wheel of the other car realized that her car as a means of further transportation was ruined.

The professor pushed his pains out of mind, jumped out and ran around.

"I'm terribly sorry. It was my fault!"

She climbed out of her car, tears of distress moistening her eyes, but slim and lovely in a white linen suit. In contrast to the simple suit, she wore a feminine blouse all frills and lace and on her head an absurd little hat. But the professor was staring at the hair revealed by the hat.

"My God!" he muttered.

"What's wrong?" she exclaimed as her hand went involuntarily to feel her hair.

"It's red."

A faintly puzzled look crossed her eyes but she grabbed his arm and pointed.

"Oh look!" she exclaimed. "A cab! Let's get away before the crowd and police clutter up the place."

"You can't run away from responsibility."

"Oh, don't be silly!"

Her waving hand had already stopped the cab. She pulled the professor with her.

"A garage with a tow truck," she ordered and then added: "Oh dear, I'm all upset now." Her hand dived into her bag and came out with a mirror. She gave a quick one, two, three to vital aspects and then sank back in the seat.

"That's torn everything. I'm in the devil of a mess now."

He felt a queer chill and looked at her hair, as if to look for the hidden horns. She caught his glance. (*Continued on page* 63)

All work and no play . . . could this be the cause of his hallucinations, or was the devil at work

Thread Paints the Picture

By Kathleen Harris

AMATEUR needlewomen are not always aware of the wide variety of effects which can be obtained in embroidery, merely by using different kinds of embroidery thread. It is possible to range from a rich knobbled texture to a smooth, lustrous surface, without using more than the simple basic stitches, simply by working in linen, say, instead of stranded cotton. It is astonishing how different the same stitch can look when worked in another thread, and much of the art of embroidery lies in knowing how to choose the thread most suitable for different designs.

The embroidery thread, of course, must be chosen in relation to the size and scale of the design to be embroidered, the purpose for which the work is to be used and the texture of the material to be worked on. The right choice of needle for the thread is important as the thread can be spoilt if the eye of the needle is too small or too large.

Crewel needles, which have oval eyes, should be used for silk and wool. These are threaded in the same way as a darner. Sewing needles with round eyes should be used for round linen thread. Blunt pointed needles should be used for all kinds of work by the counted thread, cross stitch, canvas work or drawn fabric stitchery, where it is essential that the ground thread should not be split.

There are five different types of thread in general use for embroidery. They are silks, linen, wools, rayon and cotton, to which can be added a very occasional use of gold and silver thread, or chenille for specially rich effects. Each of these groups comes in many different forms, each one having its own particular quality and special uses.

THE richest of all embroidery threads is silk, as its lustre and smooth sheen reflects the light and intensifies the colour. This is most evident when the silk thread has little or no twist, and can be seen at its best in old Chinese embroideries. To get this richness one would use Pearsall's stout floss. This is an untwisted silk and can be used for any precious work on a silk or satin ground where the sheen of the background demands a rich thread. It is a rule to use a thread, as rich, if not richer than the ground material.

Stout floss is the most difficult silk to handle and embroidery using this thread is best worked in a frame. The stitches which can be used are split stitch (a line stitch in which the needle comes back into the last stitch and splits it), couching (the term used when a thread or series of threads are caught down by another thread of self or contrasting colour), and laid work where threads are laid in parallel lines and caught down at intervals by couching threads.

For less precious embroidery intended for everyday wear and tear, a twisted silk is more serviceable. Twisted silks are popular as they are easier for the not so experienced worker to handle. There are several different varieties for different types of work.

Mallard floss is used where a rich, full quality is required and the design involves stitches such as satin, close herring-bone or double back stitch, Rumanian and Cretan stitch. All these stitches throw up the lustre of the silk and the strength of the colour. Chain, stem and knot stitches, by their broken surface, are inclined to neutralize the colour and gloss of the embroidery silk.

Boriche has a tight twist and is made in a range of pale colours specially for lingerie. It has the texture of a buttonhole twist and is ideal for working on fine silk.

Filoselle, which is a stranded silk, is by far the most popular thread for ordinary, everyday work. Its usefulness is greatly increased by the stranding, because from one to six strands may be used to give a variation in the weight and richness to different portions of the embroidery. But useful though this type of embroidery thread is, it is a pity that so many women used it exclusively when so many other effects are possible with other embroidery threads.

Pure silk embroidery threads are, of course, expensive but there are mercerized cottons which make satisfactory substitutes for most types of pure silk, at half the price. There is a silky cotton embroidery thread which can be used in place of floss, and Anchor stranded cotton can be substituted for Filoselle.

ALL silks and artificial silks must be handled in a firm and decided manner, then they will be quite amenable. If the silk twists too much or untwists, in working, it is not the silk at fault, but the unconscious movement of the hand which can be corrected by giving a conscious twist in the opposite direction. A piece of pumice stone will smooth off rough skin on the fingers which may catch in the silk, and French chalk can be used when the hands are hot. French chalk is in fact invaluable, as it will mark positions for the design, and also clear soil marks.

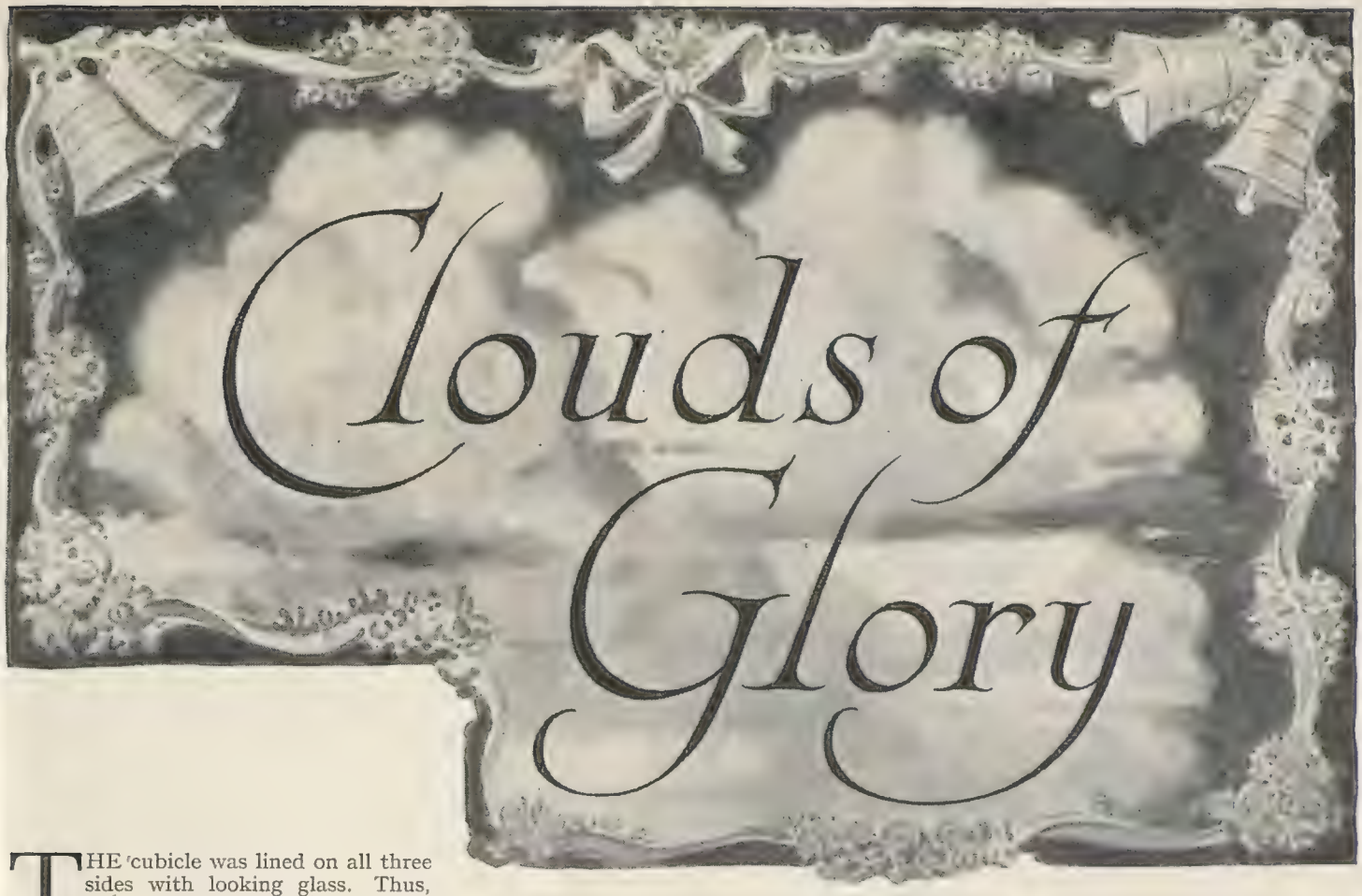
The range of work possible with linen thread is very wide, from drawn fabric work as fine as lace to a rich raised string-like quality. Linen work is usually in self colours, and for this reason it depends on its effect on contrast of texture, instead of colour. It is perfect for table and household linen as it stands up to almost endless wear and washing. The thread has a certain spring which helps it to stay where it is put, and it is therefore useful for knot stitches and all forms of composite and interlacing stitches. (*Continued on page* 66)

These two embroidery pictures by Captain Edwards are worked on the same principle as the Chinese panel, using appliqués of felt, chintz and even chamois leather for the backgrounds, overstitched in wool, cotton and silks. Captain Edwards pleads for colour and still more colour in embroidery and in "The Lady Of The Hare" he goes to the length of heightening the rose pink background with water-colour in order to get a richer effect. The group of three ladies is a design based on rubbings taken from church brasses

This exquisite embroidery picture by Captain Geoffrey Edwards is the work of an artist using fabric and thread in place of canvas and paint. The solid background colour is appliquéd chintz, enriched by embroidery with Clark's Anchor Stranded cotton, as few as two and as many as six strands being used to model the forms and vary the texture. The outline in fine black silk braid brings out the essentially linear rhythm of the design. The stitches themselves are the simple ones found in any embroidery primer—satin stitch, blanket stitch, etc.—used boldly with an eye to the colour effects rather than embroidery technique, and the design can be so rapidly blocked in that Captain Edwards has wittily nicknamed his technique "Sluggard's Delight"

Illustrations
by
LANCE
CATTERMOLE

SHE removed the lid, tossed aside layers of tissue and drew out something that rippled to the floor in fold on filmy fold. Patty Martin took it and it billowed like spindrift, ivory pale and cobweb light



Clouds of Glory

In her heart she knew the gift should have been given spontaneously

THE cubicle was lined on all three sides with looking glass. Thus, whichever way she turned her head in an effort to escape from it, Mrs. Otterley was relentlessly confronted by her own reflection. It would have been bad enough if there had only been the orthodox single mirror over the handbasin. As it was, the management had seen fit to provide its client with several simultaneous and equally ruthless images of herself at all stages of its handiwork. It was in accord with the generally over-lavish décor of the Maison Emile, which ran to Empire furniture, baroque electric fittings and a steam-heated atmosphere reminiscent of the orchid house at Kew.

Hot and gaudy, Mrs. Otterley summed up in the depressed and disparaging mood which always overtook her during these fortnightly sessions. I don't know why I keep on coming here, really. But after so many years it's tiresome to make a change. And after all, it is central, and they do look after me. . . . Being an old and valued patron involved several privileges, such as the fitting in of last-minute appointments at difficult times, and the special services of the head assistant.

"Miss Barnes—" she called fretfully.

"Just one more minute, Mrs. Otterley." Miss Barnes's discreetly modulated tones came from the next cubicle where she was putting the final touches to a permanent wave.

Mrs. Otterley composed herself to wait, with a sigh of displeasure. She did not like, and was not accustomed, to being kept waiting. Her face, flushed and irritable, stared back at her from the gilded mirror as she contemplated, in sharp distaste, the spectacle of her shampooed hair hanging in draggled rats' tails round her flaccid cheeks. She noted the deepening lines around her mouth and the puffiness of her eyelids. Stripped of make-up and of confidence, the face had a prophetic nakedness. Slumped in her chair and shrouded in cambric, she suddenly saw herself in a moment of devastating clarity, not as the familiar customer awaiting a henna application, but as a corpse prepared for disposal. The mortal remains of the girl Alicia Otterley, *née* Travers. . . . Over the void of thirty years a lively, laughing face flashed back at her, firm-fleshed, the mouth upcurved in sweetness. She shuddered away from it and called sharply, "Miss Barnes, I have a luncheon engagement. I really must insist——"

Before she could finish the sentence the curtains parted behind her and Miss Barnes's blonde head popped through, followed by her arms bearing a steaming bowl of what looked like liquid mud, "Here we come," she announced.

AFTER draping Mrs. Otterley in a rubber cape she gathered up the rats' tails and began to slap on the concoction with a spatula. Mrs. Otterley, feeling as though her scalp were being stirred into a mud pudding, whimpered in discomfort.

"Ugh, it's too hot——"

"Sorry I had to leave you," Miss Barnes said, blithely ignoring the protest. "I should have let Patty Martin take over that perm, but she's not here to-day. Her aunt's laid up again. It's the second time this month. Too bad, leaving us shorthanded at this season. But I suppose she can't help it. And anyway, what can we do?"

Mrs. Otterley vouchsafed no solution. I couldn't care less, she thought, about Patty Martin's aunt. What concerns me now is that I should not be late for my luncheon with Mr. Fisher. We simply must decide what to do about those mining shares and the Glanville mortgage.

"It's not as if she were a bad worker," Miss Barnes was saying. "It's quite the contrary. She's very quick and willing and we shouldn't want to lose her, though it's hard on us sometimes. But there, it's hard on the girl, too, the aunt being so feeble. Patty's her sole support."

Mrs. Otterley was no longer listening. Her mind pursued its private trend of thought. What is there left, after all, but money? Money. The constant factor in a shiftless world. What if it can't buy the things that really matter? It can, and does, buy the *illusion* of them, if you have enough of it.

Mrs. Otterley had more than enough, even in these present times; and she was apt to feel distaste for those who had not. It seemed to her at this distance that she had always had it, that it was her birthright and prerogative. It was only on rare occasions that she remembered the price that had had to be paid for it. One of those occasions had been that flash of perception a few minutes ago, when she had seen herself as she once was, before being coaxed by her worldly and ambitious

By
NINA WARNER HOOKE

AT the top of the flight of steps appeared the bridal couple—Patty Martin on the arm of a burly young man whose face was damp with perspiration

mother into marriage with a man nearly three times her age. Not, in all justice, that she had needed much coaxing. If you loved pretty things, like the young Alicia, if you were a little spoilt, a little too eager for admiration and over-conscious of your right to it, then the choice was not one that presented many heart-searching doubts. Alicia Otterley she had become at nineteen, with a house in London, another in Devonshire, and an ageing, irascible husband who, throughout the latter years of their marriage, had been a total invalid. Naturally there had been the compensations. The pretty things, the fine things, that filled the emptiness . . . Mrs. Otterley jerked herself warily back again to Mr. Fisher and the mining shares.

Miss Barnes was still chatting as she smothered the mud pudding in layers of paper and hot towels. Now it was about the electricity cuts, which she chose to consider an official affront to the hairdressing industry in general and herself in particular.

LATER that spring Mrs. Otterley caught the 'flu. It was not a severe attack but she was confined to the house for a few days. Her convalescence coincided with a long-planned dinner party to certain of her late husband's business associates. The Maison Emile received an urgent telephone call.

"Can you send someone round? I'm not allowed out yet. Yes, the usual. What? Oh, but I *always* have Miss Barnes. Very well, if she really can't be spared, I suppose Miss Martin will have to do. Not later than eleven, then——"

At a quarter to eleven the parlourmaid knocked on the door and announced, "Miss Martin, madam."

Mrs. Otterley, in a lilac wrapper, turned from her dressing-table and saw a slim, tall girl in a black coat, carrying a suitcase. She heard a husky voice, low pitched and shy, with a trace of Irish accent.

"Good morning. I hope you're feeling better?"

"Considerably, thank you," Mrs. Otterley said.

It was the first time she had had a leisurely view of Miss Martin, who in the year and a half that she had been with the firm, had been no more to her than a white-clad figure whisking down a corridor, or the back of a sleek, dark head glimpsed between curtains of a neighbouring cubicle. Young, she thought. Barely twenty. Fresh as a flower. Why does she have to look like that? Why couldn't they have had the tact to send someone else—someone who didn't make me feel old and fat and hideous? Oh well, it's not her fault. Try to be pleasant. . . .

Patty Martin had opened the suitcase and donned a white overall. She was quick and deft and, unlike the talkative Miss Barnes, rather silent. In an attempt to draw her out, and because she was provoked into a touch of malice by the girl's appearance, Mrs. Otterley said, "You're the one who used to stay away from time to time. To look after your aunt, wasn't it?"

The creamy skin flushed slightly.

"It wasn't very often. There was no one else. My aunt's been very good to me. I'm an orphan, you see."

"Miss Barnes was worried about you. She was afraid they wouldn't be able to keep you on."

There was a pause. Then the husky voice said, with an edge of defiance, "I shan't be there much longer, anyway."

"Indeed. May I know why?"

"I'm going to be married. In three weeks time."

MRS. OTTERLEY flinched, though she could not have explained why the simple statement contributed to her resentment. Girls were getting married every day, many of them far less attractive than this one. All the same——

"I don't presume to advise you," she said, "but with your responsibilities, is it quite wise? You're very young, and on the threshold of a career in which you might do well. It seems a pity." (*Continued on page 78*)

Costs And Customers

THE case of the vanishing pound is rapidly becoming one of the major enigmas of the twentieth century. Like the Cheshire Cat in *Alice*, nobody seems very willing to explain where it goes or why.

But it certainly does go. The high cost of living has become a perennial subject for complaint, like the weather. There is hardly a housewife in England who does not indulge in her daily grumble regarding prices.

Just to confuse the issue, there *are* contradictions. Food continues its inexorable upward climb, a penny here, tuppence there, every week the grocery bill gets a bit fatter. But on the other hand, the recent sales in clothing and household goods have been really remarkable. The price reductions have been genuine and for people with ready cash in their pockets, there have been bargains a plenty.

It is still more bewildering if one also tries to interpret the ominous threats and optimistic prophecies regarding prices which appear at regular intervals in the daily Press. We cannot really attempt to cope with the economists, but surely there must be some simple answers to simple questions. And after all, what has happened, is happening and seems likely to happen to prices is very much our business.

MENTION of the cost of living tends to induce in people a mood of extreme nostalgia. They remember the good old days with something close to tears in their eyes. In solemn voices they remind one another of the times when an income of £300 a year meant positive luxury, and children's shoes cost 5s. a pair. Nobody seems very willing to discuss the real facts of the case, which is a pity. The facts, if not encouraging, are at least, enlightening.

The disappearance of the good old days is, after all, part of a process of growth. We have no more hope of going back to them than we have of returning to the Merrie England of gallant knights and no drains. Plainly, our best bet is to pin our hopes on the good new days yet to come, and to cope with the uneasy present as intelligently as possible.

There is naturally a close connection between the uncomfortable state of the world and the uncomfortable state of our pocket books. England is not the only place which is having cost of living trouble. Prices are shooting up just as wildly in Europe and on the North American continent.

Why prices are going up is a subject all to itself. When the second World War ended, everyone wanted to get back to normal as quickly as possible. But that was easier said than done, since "normal" as we knew it before the war had virtually disappeared. One of our biggest problems was the shortage of raw materials . . . of the iron and wood and wool which we needed to rebuild our cities and clothe our families. The war was partially to blame, since it had literally blasted the economies of most European countries. But many other things were happening, the whole shape of the world was changing. Countries like India, which had once supplied us with a great deal of raw material and food, were emerging as independent nations. Their steadily improving standard of living meant that they were using up or eating the supplies they once sent to us. And then on top of this came the further scramble for raw materials, the rearmament and stockpiling which began after the Western world had been thoroughly scared by the war in Korea.

These are some of the main reasons for the increase in prices. Of course, we can't overlook the fact that people are also making more money. Wages, inevitably, have gone up, and the man who was earning £5 in 1947 is earning approximately £7 to-day. Salaries have also tended to increase although not as much. The people who find themselves in a particularly untenable position are those living on what used to be described as "a nice little income." The nice little income which has remained the same as it was in the thirties, is now caught neatly in the vice of high taxes on the one hand and high prices on the other.

JUST what *is* happening to prices? I found an examination of the Government Cost of Living Index a fascinating if disheartening business. It doesn't take long before those cold little columns of figures come vigorously to life. Because there, in black and white, is the story of where your money goes. For example, the Index informed me that our total cost of living rose thirty per cent between June of 1947, and December of 1951. In other words, by last December, an income of £15 a week was mysteriously worth only £11 6s. 9d.

Food and clothing in the same period succeeded in going up forty-five per cent and forty-seven per cent respectively. Every pound that you spent on food underwent a strange chemical process (*Continued on page 75*)

The rising cost of living is current topic Number One. . . . What are the prospects ahead? Is there a brighter side? None of the questions can be answered with certainty but PAMELA FRY has canvassed opinion in many knowledgeable quarters to give this survey of the situation

MISS HELENA NORMANTON, Q.C.

THE law is the last of the learned all-male professions to be invaded by women.

It is only since 1919—the year women got the vote—that they have been allowed to become members of the English Bar, but already some have achieved great reputations.

Now people are wondering whether many will succeed in breaking down for good and all the prejudice which still exists against them—especially among the ordinary public—and so reach the highest posts as of right, without exciting wonder and comment.

The Minister of Justice in Denmark, Miss Helga Petersen, prophesies that, "One day there will be women judges all over the world."

But Sir Raymond Evershed, Britain's fifty-two year old Master of the Rolls, while admitting that a woman may one day succeed to his office, does not think they make such successful barristers as men.

His reasons?

"Their voices are not so good and they haven't yet overcome the prejudice against them."

Judge J. W. Scobell Armstrong, who professes to have listened to many women advocates, agrees with Sir Raymond—but for different reasons.

"Some are admirable," he says, "but I do not think the law is likely to be a satisfactory profession for them. The approach of women to human problems is, in the main, impulsive and instinctive, whereas the approach of lawyers is cautious and analytical."

BUT why, if a woman can school herself to master the intricate rules of the law, can she not also school herself to be cautious and analytical? And indeed this legal approach seems to develop automatically in women, as well as men, with the process of learning the law, and practising it.

Miss Helena Normanton, Q.C., and Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., are two women who have achieved this outlook. They share the honour of being the first two women to "take silk," which is the legal term for becoming a King's, and now a Queen's, Counsel.

Rose Heilbron's view is this : "Let women have a bit more time at men's jobs, then they will show them."

And in spite of much criticism and discouragement, women are pushing their way tenaciously through the barriers of prejudice and becoming famous legal names both here and in other countries.

France has a woman judge, Mme. Odette Simon-Bidaux; and Canada, a woman Q.C., Miss Margaret Hyndman.

Modern Portias

By JOAN BEVAN, LL.B.

MISS ROSE HEILBRON, Q.C.

When Miss Hyndman, with another girl, was called to the Canadian Bar twenty-seven years ago, she was told by the late Mr. Justice Logie: "I welcome young men here to the Bar. But it is constitutionally impossible for me to welcome a woman.

"I am sorry these two have wasted their parents' money. I doubt if they will ever have a case. But if anyone should be foolish enough to give them one, I trust it will not be heard before me."

Two weeks later Miss Hyndman appeared before the judge. She lost her case. But she said, when in London recently, "I won it on appeal."

What have all these women in common that carries them through the prejudice to the peaks of the profession?

Perhaps their outstanding qualities may be summed up in three phrases: they have vivid and likeable personalities, a brilliance of brain combined with the gift of oratory; and tremendous zest and determination.

IT is to Helena Normanton, Q.C., that women barristers owe a great debt of gratitude.

She was only twenty-five when, after the first World War, she fought alone against the then Lord Chancellor and Benchers of the Middle Temple for the right of women to become members of the Bar—and finally won.

As a pioneer, Miss Normanton has chalked up a record number of "firsts" against her name.

She was the first woman to be admitted as a student to the Inns of Court, in 1919, and also the first to practise as a barrister.

She was the first woman to appear robed in wig and gown in the Counsels' Benches of the High Court, or the Old Bailey, in London Sessions or the Court of Appeal.

She was the first woman to be elected to the General Bar Council.

She was the first woman lawyer at Bologna University since the Reformation, and she has a question she would like to have asked Shakespeare: "Why did he put Portia in Padua when the original woman lawyer was in Bologna?"

She was the first woman to obtain a passport in her unmarried name, and she fought for the right of women who married foreigners to retain their British nationality.

She was President of the Council of Married Women (she was married herself for twenty-seven years to Mr. Gavin Clark, who died in 1949) and was the only woman barrister asked to give evidence to the Royal Commission on Divorce.

This now greying, plumpish woman, with rimless glasses, came to be regarded with warm affection at the Old Bailey, which was the chief centre of her activities. She was the first woman to be the "Junior and Honorary Treasurer" of the Barristers' Mess there, and when she retired on taking silk in 1949, the Mess gave her a diamond and pearl necklace.

Helena Normanton is a matter-of-fact, jovial person, and when she retired from active practice last year her absence was felt by all who had known her.

She had a reputation for marshalling her points and facts with brilliance, and defending even the smallest and weakest case as if it were a strong brief for which she was being paid a large fee.

She was a born judge of men and motives, and had an excellent memory for things observed and for detail. When in court, she would first be careful, and then eloquent.

Her voice in court was always clear, well-modulated and fluent. She had pathos, wit and a simple charm of manner, and didn't mind telling a story against herself.

"I write poems," she said once. "I once quoted one of them when I was defending a burglar—and the burglar was sentenced to two years' imprisonment!"

Helena Normanton is a woman of wide interests, and with talents in other directions besides the law. She has written books, poems, and also edited a magazine called *India*.

Before becoming a barrister she lectured in history at London University, and was once a student at Dijon University. There, she says, she learnt the French trick of washing her hair with red wine.

Throughout her life a champion of the rights of women, Miss Normanton attributes this bent in her nature to her ancestor Alice de Montacute, who, in 1407, made a test case for the right of women to sit by proxy in the Privy Council—and won it.

Miss Normanton looks forward to the day when there will be women judges, but so far she finds that her sympathy is strained towards women M.P.s. "They come and go," she says, "and up to date they are disappointing non-entities. . . ."

Men Queen's Counsel, on state occasions, wear full-bottomed wigs and tight fitting knee breeches. When Miss Normanton and Miss Heilbron were appointed "silks," a question arose as to what they should wear, and a formal dress was designed for them.

With the skirt and ornate jacket, they were to wear elegant stocks and cuffs made of lace—but the robe-makers had only enough lace to make one set.

And so Miss Normanton, resourceful as always, decided to leave the robe-makers' lace for Miss Heilbron, and she made her own stock and cuffs from seventeenth-century lace which had been worn at the court of Louis XVI.

ROSE HEILBRON has a different story to tell. She came into the legal profession in 1938, when lawyers were becoming accustomed to the idea of women barristers.

Now, at thirty-six, the only practising woman Q.C. in the country, she has the best part of her career still ahead of her.

What will she make of it?

I think she will go very far. Many people hope to see her on the bench soon, as a judge. Or perhaps before that she will become our first woman (*Continued on page* 64)

Many masculine professional strongholds have surrendered to women, but none was more difficult to assault than that of the law. A woman barrister writes from her personal knowledge of the personalities who lead the breakthrough

Checks With Ribbonknit

This jumper combines the new Ribbonknit with 3-ply wool, and takes 1½ oz. Wendy 3-ply Super Botany Wool in navy and 1½ oz. in white and four 50-yd. cards of Cash's Ribbonknit in navy, 1 pair of No. 12 and one pair of No. 6 knitting needles. Working at a tension of about 6½ stitches and 8 rows to one inch the jumper fits a 32- to 34-in. bust. The abbreviations used are K. = knit, p. = purl, sts. = stitches, inc. = increase, dec. = decrease, tog. = together, k. 1 double = knit one stitch winding ribbon twice round the needle, rep. = repeat, sl. = slip stitch, keeping wool to back of the work

BACK

With No. 12 needles and navy wool cast on 108 sts. Work 4¾ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, dec. on last row by taking tog. every 3rd and 4th st. to end (81).

Change to No. 6 needles and pattern. Cut navy wool. Join white wool and ribbon.

1st row.—Ribbon, k.

2nd row.—Ribbon, k. 2, (k. 1 double, k. 3) to last 3, k. 1 double, k. 2.

3rd and 5th rows.—White wool, k. 2, (sl. 1, k. 3) to last 3, sl. 1, k. 2.

4th and 6th rows.—White wool, p. 2, (sl. 1, p. 3) to last 3, sl. 1, p. 2.

These 6 rows form pattern. Rep. them, inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every 6th row following, bringing extra sts. into pattern as they come, until 113 are on needle. Complete 102nd row.

SHAPE SLEEVES AND NECK

103rd row.—Cast off 4, k. to end.

104th row.—Cast off 4, k. 1 more (2 on needle), (k. 1 double, k. 3) 8 times, k. 1 double, k. 4, cast off next (centre) 27 ; k. 3 more (4 on needle after gap), (k. 1 double, k. 3) to last 7, k. 1 double, k. 6.

Cast off 4 on rows 105, 107 and 109.

110th row.—K. 4, (k. 1 double, k. 3) 3 times, k. 1 double, k. 10.

Cast off 9 on rows 111, 113 and 115.

Join ribbon and wool to neck edge of remaining sts. and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

FRONT

Work this exactly like the back until 111 sts. are on needle on 91st row.

SHAPE NECK

92nd row.—K. 1, (k. 1 double, k. 3) 11 times, k. 1 double, k. 4 (50 now on needle) ; cast off next (centre) 11 ; k. 3 more (4 on needle after gap), (k. 1 double, k. 3) to last 2, k. 1 double, k. 1.

Continue on last 50 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge, near centre, on next 5 rows then next 2 alt. rows, but inc. once again at other (side) edge on 97th row.

103rd row.—Cast off 4, k. to last 2, k. 2 tog., and keep neck edge straight.

Using back shaping as guide, cast off 4 on rows 105, 107 and 109 and cast off 9 on rows 111, 113 and 115.

Join ribbon and wool to neck edge of remaining 50 sts. and work up this side to match the first with all shaping at opposite edges.

TO COMPLETE

Do not press except at seams. Join right shoulder seams and press. Using No. 12 needles and navy wool, and holding work right side facing, pick up and k. 124 sts. evenly round neck edge ; work 9 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib ; cast off in rib. Join left shoulder seams and neck rib and press seam. With No. 12 needles and navy wool, right side of work facing, pick up and k. 100 sts. evenly from 11th navy ribbon stripe, up side, past shoulder seam and down to 11th navy ribbon stripe—that is, 50 sts. either side of shoulder seam—at each side of work in turn ; rib 9 rows, and cast off in rib. When both arm or sleeve bands have been done, join side and armband seams and press them.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Hip Length Sweater

(Continued from page opposite)

NECK BORDER

Join the shoulder seams, then with the right side facing. Using No. 12 needles and c. wool pick up and k. 120 sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in. Cast off loosely ribways.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, avoid all ribbing. Set in the sleeves. Join the sleeve and side seams. Turn up the hem and lightly stitch on the wrong side. Press the seams.

This practical sweater was worked in turquoise blue and brown and took 8 oz. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool in the main shade (referred to as m. in the instructions) and 2 oz. in the contrast colour (c. in the instructions). One pair each of No. 11 and No. 13 needles and one pair of No. 12 needles pointed at each end, are also required. Work at a tension of 8 sts. to 1 in., for a 34-in. bust. For a larger size use a size larger needles than those stated

HIP LENGTH SWEATER

BACK

With No. 11 needles and m. wool cast on 129 sts., work 10 rows in st.st.

Next row.—K. making a ridge on the right side for turn up of hem.

Now proceed in the pattern as follows :

N.B.—Taking care to keep the c. wool loops very slack—pulling all strands loose before knitting the last st. Twist the 2 end sts. to avoid a hole when changing colours.

1st row.—K. in m.

2nd row.—P. in m.

3rd row.—K. 1 c., 1 m., * bring c. to front of work—k. 5 m., take c. to back of work k. 5 m. ; rep. from * to last 7 sts. c. w.fwd. k. 5 m., c. w.bk. k. 1 m., k. 1 c.

4th row.—P. 1 c., 1 m., * c. w.bk., p. 5 m., c. w.fwd., p. 5 m. ; rep. from * to last 7 sts. c. w.bk. p. 5 m., c. w.fwd. 1 m., 1 c.

5th and 6th rows.—As the 3rd and 4th rows.

7th row.—K. 1 c., 1 m., * k. 2 m., knit the next st. under the 4 c., loops with m., k. 7 m. ; rep. from * to last 7 sts. k. 2 m., k. next st. under 4 c. loops k. 4 m.

8th row.—P. in m.

9th and 10th rows.—As the 1st and 2nd rows.

11th row.—K. 1 c., 1 m., * k. 5 m., c. w.fwd. k. 5 m., c. w.bk. ; rep. from * to last 7 sts., k. 6 m., 1 c.

12th row.—P. 1 c., 1 m., * p. 5 m., c. w.bk., p. 5 m., c. w.fwd. ; rep. from * to last 7 sts. p. 6 m., 1 c.

13th and 14th rows.—As the 11th and 12th rows.

15th row.—K. 1 c., 1 m., * k. 7 m., with m. k. next st. under c. loops, k. 2 m. ; rep. from * to last 7 sts. K. 7 m.

16th row.—P. in m.

These 16 rows form the patt. Change to No. 12 needles and rep from the 1st to the 16th rows inclusive twice, then from the 1st to the 8th rows. Change to No. 13 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 rows, then dec. 1st both ends of the next and the following 4th row twice more, work without shaping for 1 inch then inc. 1st both ends of the next and each following 4th row twice more. Work 4 rows in rib. Then change to No. 11 needles and work from the 1st to the 16th patt. rows inclusive 4 times. Then from the 1st to the 8th row, at the same time working the patt. inc. 1 st. both ends of the 9th and every following 6th row until there are 139 sts. Adding new butterfly motifs as sts. are increased.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1st. both ends of every row until 109 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures approx. 23 inches from cast on edge ending with the 8th or 16th patt. row.

SHOULDER SHAPING

Cast off 17 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work exactly the same as given for the back until work measures approx. 20 inches from cast on edge ending with the 8th or 16th patt. row.

SHAPE FOR NECK

K. 47, cast off 15 sts., k. 47. Continue on the last set of sts., casting off 3 sts. at the neck edge of the next 2 alternate rows, then dec. 1st at neck edge of every alternate row until 34 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until front measures the same as the back, ending at the armhole.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 17 sts. at the armhole edge of the next 2 alternative rows. Join wool to the neck edge of remaining sts. and work to match the other side.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles and m. wool cast on 64 sts. work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 inches.

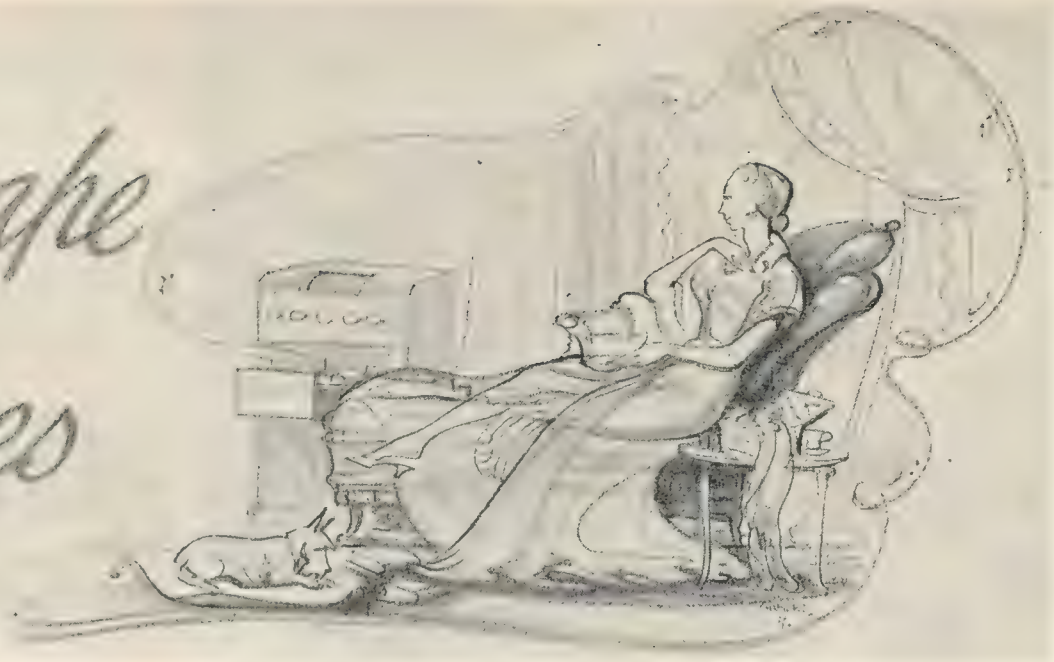
Next row.—Rib 6, (inc. in the next st. rib 12), 4 times, inc. in next st., rib 5 (69 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. as given for the back inc. 1 st. both ends of the 9th and every following 6th row until there are 109 sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 18 ins. up the centre of sleeve.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec 1st both ends of every alternate row until 67 sts. remain, then dec. 1 st. both ends of every row until 23 sts. remain. Work if necessary until the 8th or 16th patt. row has been completed. Cast off. (*Continued on previous page*)

Escape Values



By Joanna Lacey Drew

IN an age of planning, it is comforting to persuade myself that my personal life is unplanned; that I proceed in a series of impulses, and that I arrive at wherever I do arrive by chance rather than by design. I know, I know; it isn't true! How pleasant, however, to pretend that one is one's own master, beholden to nobody and to no circumstance. Yet when I stop to consider my way of life I am forced to confess that, like most of us, I am a creature of habit.

Going to bed late is a bad habit which I share with many, in spite of the strain of a full-time job *and* a house and family. When the day's work and worries are over, the family fed, the washing-up done, the sitting-room filled with its special air of astonishment at its own tidiness, do I then sensibly go to bed? Not on your life! I wander over to my bookcase, pause in front of the new books (which I am, of course, *dying* to read!) put out a hand, change my mind, and at last move on to the old favourites; the shabby, beloved books to which I return again and again.

Do you ever stop to consider your own old pets, and the reasons for your allegiance to them? They are practically an autobiography, aren't they! A quite irrational sentiment keeps such works as *Little Women, Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Lady Audley's Secret* evergreen. How young was I when I first identified myself with Jo, or wept over the old slave, or palpitated with Lady Audley! On the whole, they deserve their honoured places, these remembrancers of youth. *Cranford* and Jane Austen's *Emma* are properly side by side, needing no apology or explanation.

But what is *Tom Jones* doing in such company; or Laver's *Nymph Errant* or Linklater's *Juan In America*? Evidently mementoes of my naughty period. Then—good heavens! William J. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond* alongside Will Durant's *History Of Philosophy*; *Jane Eyre*; Emerson's *Essays*; *The Girl Of The Limberlost*. I can offer no explanation for these. Reason would sweep them off the shelf, but reason, fortunately, is in abeyance. . . .

NOW follows the inevitable patch of horror reading: Rider Haggard's *She*; *Dracula*; *The Woman In White*; Edgar Allan Poe. All to be read at night, in bed, with the most delicious trepidation.

With the advent of Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks*; Ethel M. Dell's *The Way Of An Eagle*; E. M. Hull's *The Sheikh*, sex has reared her lovely head. I must admit that they seem a little watery now as compared with Hollywood's offerings. Still, they had their day!

How perfect a means of escape is a bookshelf full of old favourites. Any one of these books can be opened at random: there is no need to find page or place, for all is familiar and beloved.

The past links itself comfortingly with the present, and all's one, so that when at last I close the book, I am rested and ready for the balm of sleep. It is, as usual, long past midnight, and a hard day's work awaits me to-morrow.

As with books, so with music. I am, I suppose, a music-lover; a frequenter of concert halls, a queuer at the Opera House. I would go a long way for a good performance of *The Mastersingers*, frown warningly at an undisciplined chatterer at a chamber concert, or brusquely and meaningly thrust horrid cough lozenges under the noses of coughers. But for solace and relaxation will I listen to *Suite Archaïque* by Honegger, or Mahler's Symphony No. 4 in G? I will not. Such works deserve keen and concentrated attention; a jaded mind will not do. And when after a day's work I have hung myself by the arm from the ceiling of a crowded railway compartment for three-quarters of an hour, with what gratitude do I select from my records the Serenade from Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, or Ponchielli's *Dance Of The Hours*. Or, if my mood demands it, the delicate stimulation of the *Pizzicato Polka*, the dreamy sway of *The Blue Danube*.

Even more evocative than books, what memories accompany ballet music. The delicious thought of Lopokova and Massine as the doll lovers in *La Boutique Fantasque*; the assistant removing their covers from them when the shop opens; the Russian family of customers fussing round them! The "Tango" from *Façade* brings me Robert Helpmann as the Dago, his scarlet-lined tailcoat flying as he dances. Certainly ballet music satisfies that inward eye which, as Wordsworth tells us, is the bliss of solitude.

Best of all, let me have an undemanding hour, a comfortable chair, and the opportunity to choose between Jussi Björling singing "La Donna E Mobile" and Alexander Kipnis singing "O Isis Und Osiris"; or between Jean Sablon lilting his way through "Le Fiacre" and the ingratiating voice of Erich Kunz in "Wiener Fiakerlied"; and the heavenly purity of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's voice in "Exultate Jubilate." Then can I say, with the poet Davies, "How rich and great the times are now!"

The Autumn Look

IN a season of darker colours, green leads, with black contending with grey for second place. Heavy pile fabrics predominate for topcoats and fur collars give their own opulence to coats and suits. Reversible fabrics abound for warm country and travel coats like this above in grey blanket reversing to grey and white check which is used for the collar and cuffs. Crayson. About fifteen guineas.

Town Coat

Featuring the rounded shoulder and deep armhole. In cut velour with Persian lamb collar and cuffs. Mornessa. About £15.

Town Suit

Graphite, the season's fashionable grey. A waisted and slender-skirted suit. Diagonal buttoned pockets. Matita. About 25 gns.

"Don't Dress" Evenings

Tailored like a street dress in black grosgrain for formal afternoons and informal evenings. Rembrandt-Balmain. About 17½ gns.

Little Black Dress

Indispensable all-day dress in black wool. Figure-moulding bodice emerging into a ray-pleated skirt. Acquer. About 15 gns.

The Autumn Look

FROM this assembly of clothes there is something for every practical need. Formal, informal, town and country. The general trend is for skirts disciplined and straight but with pleats, concealed and otherwise, providing ease of movement. In the main, shoulders are rounded, the daytime neckline except for classic suits is high—the mandarin collar asserts itself repeatedly—and decorative detail is unobtrusive and integrated rather than applied. Generally speaking, clothes are simple and wearable and innovations are confined to new materials which, many and lovely as they are, give their own cachet to basic styles.

Soft Suit

Alternative to a formal suit : a wool jersey suit in grey herringbone effect. Velvet collar and belt. Wolsey. £8 5s. 6d.

Matched Team

Dolman sweater and fan-pleated skirt ensemble in wool jersey and fine tweed cleverly united. Dereta "Matchmate." About £4 10s.

Country Basic

Grey, pink and black tweed suit with three-quarter length matching coat. Windsmoor. Suit about £9 12s. Coat about £9 15s.

The Evening Look

Full length and formal

Blue moiré with the asymmetrical line carried through from bodice to hem. Roecliff and Chapman. About 11 gns.

For cocktails or dinner

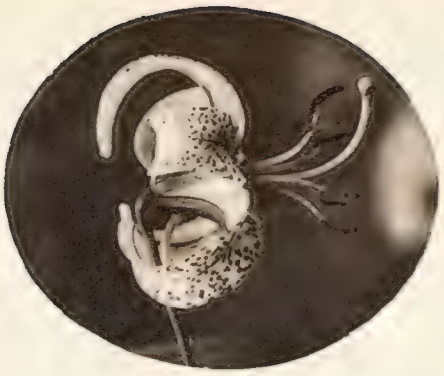
Black faille lamé shot with sea-green tinsel thread. A gleaming sylph-slim gown with a siren neckline. Rembrandt. About 12 gns.

The Prodigious Sleeve

Actress Diana Churchill wearing Delgaré's organdie blouse with confetti-coloured embroidered eyelets. Made to measure, 10 gns.

Short Evening Dress

A froth of toast net with bronze sequins. A deep décolleté filled with pleated net. Roecliff and Chapman. About 23 gns.



Consider the Lily

BY ALEXANDER DILKE

LILIES are especially pleasing to the gardener with limited time because they provide a maximum of exotic beauty with a minimum of toil. They can now be obtained in Britain in a considerable number of varieties, whose flowering season extends over four months or more. There are lilies suitable for most kinds of soil and most positions in the garden in heights varying from 2 to 12 ft.

In some cases they can be left in the ground to flower year after year and provided they are given a good start require very little attention. So, obviously, they are economical of labour, and also in money. The original cost may, perhaps, seem a little heavy, but lilies pay good dividends in their lasting beauty.

Considering their economy, it is a wonder they are not more seen in the small garden. Those that are seen are nearly always limited to the Madonna or tiger lily.

Possibly this is due as much to their difficult Latin names as to their price, or to the mistaken idea that they are delicate and difficult subjects. We may guess that even the lily-of-the-valley would be less popular if it had no alternative name to Convallaria!

The *L. candidum* is probably the most popular because of its lovely familiar name as Madonna lily, and the many scores of other lilies of exotic beauty and scent which bloom from May to August would be more widely grown if they had less difficult names than, for instance, *L. maximowiczii* or *L. thunbergianum*.

It would be quite possible to plant a garden entirely of lilies. More than a hundred kinds will grow outdoors in England, apart from those that need glass. Some thrive in the sun, others bring beauty to shady corners. There are lilies that need moisture and lilies that grow well in chalky soil; lilies for the rockery and lilies that give an exotic touch to the mixed border.

This variety in itself makes it difficult to give "nut-shell" advice about the choice and the gardener who has a few pounds to invest in lilies that will pay dividends for years should read one of the specialised books, where he will find them listed according to form, flowering period, soil, situation, etc. (Mr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper's *A.B.C. of Bulbs and Corms* has an admirable list which beginners will find invaluable.)

The right start is most of the battle, and the importance of choosing the best variety for the soil and situation concerned cannot be over-emphasised. Few lilies are natives of England, and although they are adaptable to a certain extent, they demand conditions reasonably approximate to that of their native country.

IN general, lilies require a well-drained but not a richly manured soil, and do not require elaborate feeding with artificial fertilisers. Given a situation in the sun, the half-shade or the full shade, according to their habit, and planting at the right time at the right depth, they will do well. A certain amount of adaptation of the soil can be made before planting, by digging leaf mould into a heavy soil, for instance, or by binding a thin soil with peat. But, on the whole, it is much safer to select a situation and then make a choice of species, according to height, form, colour, etc.

It is worth while taking trouble over planting. Dig a large hole considerably deeper than the plant requires and put some large cinders at the bottom to ensure drainage. Then fill the hole with fine soil to which generous amounts of peat or leaf mould have been added, with sand if the soil is sticky. Press it well down before planting the lily at the correct depth. This varies with different species.

Subsequent cultivation can generally be limited to a dressing of compost and hoeing in a little fine bone meal.

THE choice of lilies is so big that any list of recommendations must be rather arbitrary. I give you the following selection chiefly because the species are amongst the most adaptable, and therefore the easiest for the beginner. Later, no doubt, he will become more ambitious and spend many pleasant hours with catalogues wishing his purse were longer and his garden larger.

For the border which gets the full sun, try candidum, pardalinum and dauricum. The tiger lily (*L. tigrinum splendens*) is perhaps the easiest of all and thrives in partial shade, where a number of varieties of auratum will grow. The variety platyphyllum is perhaps the easiest. Other reliable species for partial shade are *hansonii* and *henryi*. All these will do well in the mixed herbaceous border, planted according to their height and giving their most splendid effect in small groups. Regale, speciosum and croceum are other species for the mixed border.

For chalky soils try *thunbergianum*, umbellatum and martagon. Of these lilies regale, speciosum, *henryi* and candidum are scented. There are, of course, many others that can be grown for their scent as well as their beauty of form and colour.

Lilium wadii, top, an exotic pink spotted with purple, grows successfully outdoors, while the lovely candidum, right, familiarly known as Madonna, is one of the most easily cultivated.

The Eyes Have It

EYELINE GROOMING

The basic principle of eyebrow shaping is that the eyebrow should follow the natural bone formation. The line should start above the inner corner of the eye and be of even width throughout. The eyes drawn in the top right-hand corner can be taken as the perfect norm.

Eyebrow shaping, however, can be modified to improve the placement or the shape of the eye. The first pair of eyes (bottom left) are almond-shaped. Here the brow is kept straight and terminates before it begins the downward curve. Almond-shaped eyes can wear mascara on the lower lashes as well as the upper lashes.

Next comes the full, rather prominent eye. Here the downward curve can be accentuated, but the brow itself should not be thick and should terminate higher than the level of the outer corner of the eye. Mascara upper lashes only. Apply eye shadow mainly on the lid, intensified in the centre and close to the lashes.

Closely-set eyes can appear better placed if the eyebrows are plucked wide apart at the centre as in the third set of eyes. Mascara lower lashes where there is a slight upward tilt, otherwise upper lashes only.

The fourth pair of eyes, which are deep set, have a neatly-groomed, rather fine eyebrow to avoid the craggy look.

Heavy eyebrows should be tidied and groomed with a trace of brilliantine so that they lie flat. A spot of Eau de Cologne on the skin before tweezing minimises the redness and discomfort.

Where there are no deep lines at the outer corner of the eye, small eyes can be lengthened by a line in soft eyebrow pencil extending from just above the lashes.

Crow's feet and eye wrinkles are often due to dryness. Guard against them by regular use of an eye emollient cream, specially prepared for lubricating the delicate skin around the eyes.

The latest trend in eye make-up is the bi-colour technique using a soft, iridescent colour as a shadowy base and a clear, light colour on top as highlight. Sea-blue iridescent base with clear green on top gives a lovely, shimmering zircon effect, good on a pale creamy skin, especially when wearing black. Sky-blue iridescent base with clear, pastel-blue gives a Wedgwood effect, charming on the golden-skinned. For a striking evening make-up, wear clear green over a violet iridescent base.

If you would like to have further details of contact lenses, or any of the eye preparations mentioned in this article, or if you have any beauty problems on which you would like advice, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, BRITANNIA AND EVE, *Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2*

Beauty by Chrysis

In so far as eye make-up is influenced by fashion, the present tendency is towards naturalness and serenity. Here we discuss the fashionable browline and eye beauty generally.

MOST women are less concerned about following any particular fashion in eye make-up than in making the best of their own eyes. At this particular moment the two approaches to eye beauty are not contradictory, because fashion is reacting against the doe-eyed extremes in favour of a more natural browline.

If eyes are to be enhanced and not eclipsed by cosmetique, they must be healthy and clear. The eyes are no exception to the general principle that cosmetics should enhance the beauty which comes from perfect health, and is not a substitute for it. Many women who appreciate this rule and apply it to their complexions, are strangely neglectful of their eyes.

Take any pair of sparkling eyes and they are as much the result of physical factors as the *je ne sais quois* which the poets rave about. It may be bathetic to mention kidneys and digestion in the presence of sonneteers, but the fact remains that digestive and kidney disorders steal the sparkle and put dark rings round the most beautiful eyes.

It is nonsense, of course, to suggest that health should be safeguarded for the sake of appearances, but where all local remedies have failed, it may be wise to look to these deep-seated and perhaps unsuspected physical causes of dark rings under the eyes, puffiness and discoloration of the eyes themselves.

The conditions of modern life, particularly for those who live in towns and cities, impose a strain on the eyes which nature has not equipped them to deal with. That is one reason why to-day it is not enough to let nature take care of itself. Eye hygiene demands that the eyes should be bathed daily, not to rid them of the dust and grit which all too painfully makes itself felt, but to cleanse them of imperceptible impurities like smoke and fumes which make for soreness and inflammation by the end of the day.

EYE lotion can also be invaluable in cases of eye strain. It should be clearly understood that eye strain is not a condition of the sight but a condition of the eye muscles. If there is any trouble with seeing (either because of a slight defect of vision or because room lighting, etc., is trying), the eye muscles are tautened in an effort to assist the focus. Hour after hour of this muscular tension produces the headache, soreness and all the other symptoms of eye strain. An eye-bath will not remove the cause of the eye strain—a sight test or a rearrangement in the lighting are the only remedies for that—but it will help the muscles to relax. Even better is the use of impregnated eye pads because they entail at least fifteen minutes' enforced rest which further assists the eye muscles to relax.

This contraction of the eye muscles when there is any difficulty in vision explains why some people on a " good " day seem to have wide-open, sparkling eyes, and why on a " bad " day the eyes appear to be half the size. While an eye-bath will not clear the migraine, the liverishness or whatever the cause of the trouble may be, it will give local relief.

It is even more essential for women who wear spectacles to bathe the eyes regularly. Not only is there the sight defect to be considered, but spectacles, far from protecting the eyes from dust, actually, by some strange means, attract it. You have only to see how dusty the inside of the spectacle lens gets to see the truth of this.

A GREAT deal has been said recently about turning the necessity of wearing spectacles into, if not a virtue, at least a fashion asset, and much has been done of late by manufacturers to vary the shape, size and colour of spectacle frames. But in spite of frames to match your dresses, frames to suit your features or no frames at all, women who are compelled to wear spectacles still feel at a disadvantage. Certainly they do give a certain rigidity to the expression (hence the fear of the " schoolmarm " look) which no amount of fancy-work on the frames will banish.

The alternative to spectacles is to go without—and only the most vain would sacrifice seeing to being seen—or to wear contact lenses.

For the information of those who have no experience of them, contact lenses, as the name signifies, are worn in contact with the eye, underneath the lids and are quite invisible in wear. At first introduction, there is something rather disagreeable in the notion of inserting and removing the lens from the eye, but there is really no more to it than wearing dentures, which everyone accepts as commonplace.

BRIEFLY, the facts about contact lenses are that they can be worn to correct all visual defects, short sight, long sight, astigmatism, and so on, and while they may feel a little strange for the first few times the wearer very soon becomes quite unconscious of them—again the parallel with dentures. The lenses are made of special plastic, which, far from being likely to break, actually protects the eyes. There is only one disadvantage. In certain cases—not all, by any means—contact lenses cannot be worn longer than for six hours at a stretch, not because they are uncomfortable, but because some condition of the eye causes them to mist. Then the lenses have to be rested for half an hour. There are many people who are wearing the lenses all day, but day-long wear cannot be guaranteed.

Contact lenses are more expensive than spectacles. The lenses, fittings and specialist's fees come to about 40 gns., but to offset this high initial cost there is the advantage that these lenses do not have to be changed, as spectacles do, every year or so. The reason for this is highly technical, but the fact remains that change of power on contact lenses is very rarely necessary.

1

If you would like to have further details about the shopping items on these pages, please write to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

1. Next time your cookery book tells you to core and slice some apples let this plastic cartwheel do it for you. Press it down on to the apple and it is cored and cut into eight sections in half a second. It costs only 2s. 1d. Another useful plastic gadget is the Buttermaster which turns the butter ration into attractive little pats. It costs 2s. 3d. Both from Selfridges.

2. This useful two-in-one brush has stiff bristles one end and soft the other and a swivel handle to enable you to operate one end or the other. Fitted with a metal ring for hanging up, it costs 11s. 3d. from The Army and Navy Stores.

3. Neaten up your sitting-room by keeping your magazines and papers in this lightweight bronze rod rack which costs only 17s. 9d. from Druces.

4. Designed to save muddy feet every time you have to go into the garden in wet weather, the Rungway portable path can be laid down anywhere you want it and rolled up and stacked away when not required. It is very strongly made from wooden slats held together with steel wire cords and should last a lifetime. The cost is 2s. 6d. per foot from Selfridges.

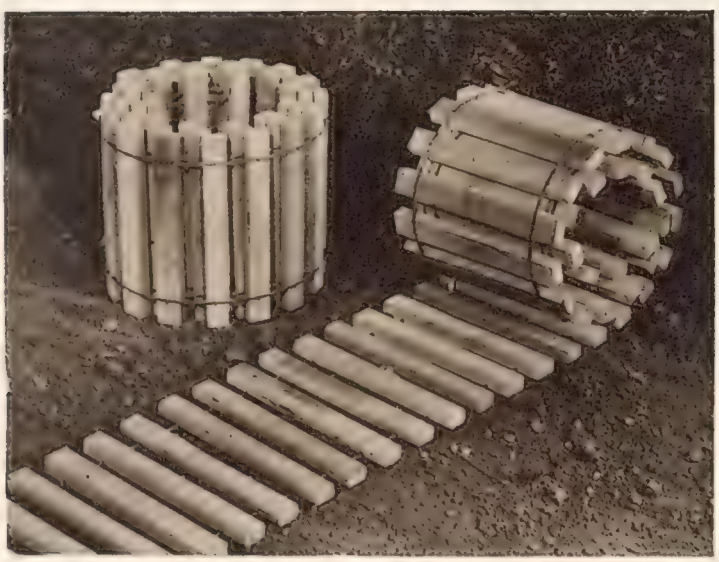
5. An absolute necessity for harassed or absent-minded people is the Victor Safety Iron. If you have to rush away in the middle of your ironing the hot part of the iron immediately raises itself into the air when you take your hand off, ensuring that nothing will get burnt. Other advantages are its extreme lightness and that it enables you to iron frills in one-third of the normal time. You get all this for £3 2s. 6d.

6. Have you ever thought of drying your hair with your vacuum cleaner? It is not so mad as it sounds. The Alenco hair-dryer fits on to any make of vacuum cleaner, is attached to the blowing end in the same way as the other tools, and has its own control for hot or cold air. Price 29s. 7d., complete with 6 ft. of flex.

7. There is no more need to strain your eyes by darning with insufficient light. Pifco Mains Electric Darner radiates its own light, in a soft glow which shows up every thread of work. It costs 21s., complete with flex and adaptor.

2

3



4

5

6

7

Margaret Sharp

Shopping for You

8

8 Make-up tables are a good idea from the past brought up to date. They are light enough to be easily moved, and made so that you can sit comfortably, to make-up before the mirror inside the lid. The pink-painted interior is deep enough to hold bottles, and there are fitted trays for flat containers. Obtainable from Druce's, in bird's-eye maple or antique finish with cameo, they cost about 7 gns.

9

9 This original trolley in mahogany and beech has, as a companion piece, a matching wall-shelf to hold books and plants. The price of the trolley is £5 19s. 6d., the shelf £1 5s. 6d. Both are exclusive to Liberty's of Regent St.

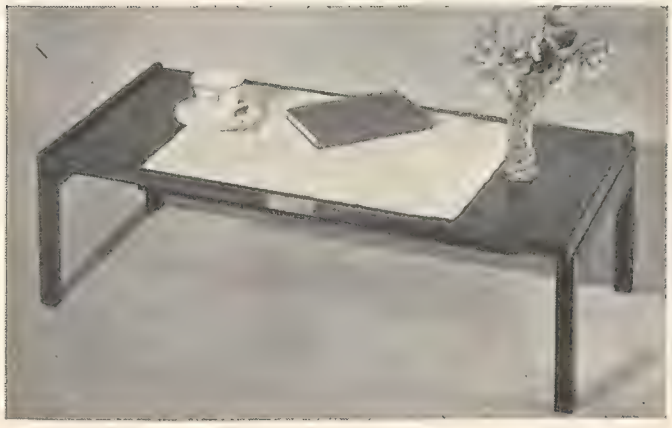
10

10 Here is a nest of tables with most unusual features. The largest, 22 in. by 18 in., has a bookcase at one end, and the smallest, 17 in. by 12 in., is a worktable. In walnut or mahogany, they can be seen at Oetzmann's, at £13

11

11 An attractive cane plant trough, with green metal lining, is found at Liberty's, price £2 18s. 9d. Filled with exotic plants from Norman Jones of Claygate, it would brighten a dull corner or conceal an empty fireplace

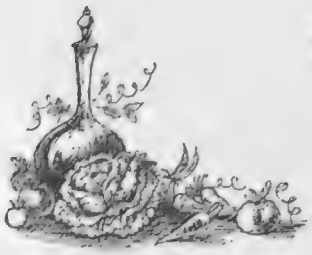
12 The Langdon triple table has hinged legs which makes it adaptable for different requirements. With its legs stretched to full extent it is a useful occasional table. With short legs it makes a bed-tray, and with two short legs and two long it is convenient for armchair meals. Price £4 from the Army and Navy Stores



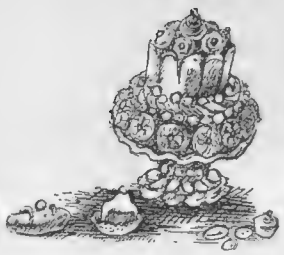
12

13 If you always have sewing about which has to be hastily tidied away when guests arrive, this mahogany fitted work-table is ideal. It has a fitted interior and a sliding top which, when closed, transforms it into a coffee table. Also in beech or walnut, it costs £12 at Liberty's

13



Art and Appetites



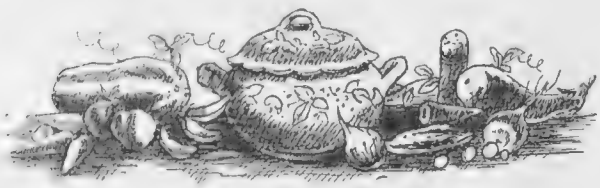
A mere domestic chore, or a daily challenge to your artistic talents. Under which heading do you put your cooking?

MY student niece came into the room with that special air of exhilaration in which she moves after a particularly strenuous session with the Debating Society, and said: "You know, few people realize how great a part intuition plays. I mean—that special feeling of rightness about the next step to take. The perfect colour, for example. It's so terribly important to please the eye first. You have to have the real bravery of a pioneer—a sort of intrepidity. You must have a sense of adventure when you start, and your imagination has got to show you what it'll look like when it's finished. You must have the courage to put things together which no one has ever put together before, and know in advance that they'll go with each other. And then you've got to be delicate, and meticulous about quantities. And adaptable, so that if you can't get exactly what you want, you know what you can use as an alternative. And philosophic, of course, so that if you do fail, you won't be so downcast that you'll never try again. That's the proof of a real artist, I think. Trying again and again until you've got it."

A designer? An explorer? A chemist? A painter?

I gave up the attempt to guess what the debate had been about.

"What *are* you talking about?" I asked.



"A good cook, of course! We were debating what it takes to *be* one. And not a good *plain* cook, either, not a slap the joint in the oven, stick the potatoes on to boil, sort of cook!"

"And what conclusion did you reach?"

"Oh, they agreed with me, on the whole. Most of the men agreed right away. It was the women who thought I was making too much of the subject. I thought they would be the first to see my point."

"Oh, no!" I said. "Most women would find it hard to think of cooking as an art. They've been brought up to think of the preparation of food as a chore. Some of them think of it as one of the more pleasant chores, but it takes an artist to see it as something to which you can bring inspiration."

"That's what I think," she said and departed to forage in my larder for the ingredients to make a bulky and repulsive sandwich.

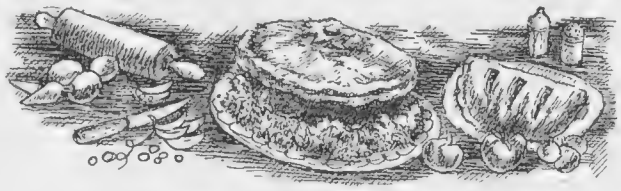
She left me thinking. One scaled down the intoxication with words and ideas, and was still left with a considerable truth. Good cooks might be born, as the saying goes; but the place to which food is relegated in our daily lives speedily conditions them, so that in the end most of them accept the convention that an interest in food and its preparation is not a subject for inspiration. A few—a very few—inspired cooks have scaled the heights, and the force of their vision, as well as the results of their skill, become internationally known in the same way as any work in another art would be. A good dish *is* a work of art, and a really good cook caters for the spirit as well as for the body.

Why should love, which is based on an appetite, be a suitable subject to inspire poets, painters, artists of all kinds. Hunger is an appetite, too, and the instinct to satisfy it is as important, so why not revalue good cooking, and put it into its proper place in the scheme of things?

Such cooks as Brillat-Savarin, Boulestin and Escoffier made their influence felt as artists while they lived, and they have their disciples to-day. It is not only in that rank that good cooks are accepted as artists. As in every other art, cooking has its levels, and its artists at every level, in the home as well as in the internationally known restaurant. And the enthusiast who looks through the larder, selecting with the nicest care a collection of unlikely ingredients, and then blends them into a dish pleasing to the eye, satisfying to the body, and consoling to the spirit, has every reason to be proud of the achievement.

BUT, what constitutes a good cook? My niece said it needed intuition. It does. A good cook will know intuitively that a body, refreshed by sleep, needs the further refreshment of the smell of good coffee, the savoury smell of bacon cooking, the sparkle of the welcoming breakfast-table, set with bright china, the gold of the tangy marmalade showing through the clear glass, the crisp pink bacon with the immaculate yellow and white egg placed beside it. The good cook's delicacy would never allow her to bring cold and clammy bacon to the table, or leathery, overcooked egg. The merest touch of the knife to the central orb of the egg should set it flowing delightfully over the crisp meat below, so that the eye takes the blend of colour with pleasure, and prepares the appetite for its satisfaction.

At breakfast-time neither the spirit nor the body is fully awake. This is no time for unorthodox or unexpected food. The intelligent cook leaves adventure to a later time of day, first exploring the resources of the local shops, and seeing in



the mind's eye the transformation of the raw materials into the final picture for the luncheon or the dinner table. The decision that a certain flavour will marry another, and that the wedding will be a happy one, needs imagination as well as skill. The good cook possesses both. Most important of all, the good cook takes every step towards the final delight of the perfect food with the same pleasure, accepting each careful detail as inevitable and just, and, with the altruism of a real artist, rejoicing in the ability to share that pleasure.

FORTNUM & MASON

From our beautiful collection of Hostess Gowns — in Moiré — with very full pleated skirt — colours Saxe Blue, Fuchsia, Black and Gold with contrasting velvet trimming. £41 . 10 . 0.

REMEMBER POPPY DAY

lingerie...first floor

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY · LONDON · W1 REGENT 8040

WOMEN
WHO
WORRY

A Word of COMFORT

Most women have troubles enough to cope with these days—often worries and anxieties they just *can't* avoid. So it's quite a comfort to know, that thanks to Tampax, there's at least one recurring worry that you can cut right out of your life, from this month onwards. Only Tampax users can tell you—only you can *prove* by a personal test what joyful relief from discomfort, embarrassment and inconvenience Tampax will bring you.

A Doctor's Discovery

Tampax, in fact, was invented by a Doctor, expressly to help women through those 'difficult days'. Based on the medical principle of *internal absorption*, Tampax is daintier, simpler to use, much more discreet and hygienic, and infinitely more comfortable than old-fashioned methods of protection. The misery of chafing, the fear of embarrassment are gone for ever, with Tampax.

Your Trial Package

Why put up with needless anxiety, when you can test Tampax for yourself, at fractional expense? Just send 6d. in stamps, with name and address, to The Nurse, Dept. 574, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex. A trial package with informative literature, will be sent under plain cover.

Save On Sugar

MODESTY being my outstanding characteristic, I cannot claim, like the lady in the song "to make fricassees from the rind of the cheese and the dripping that's left in the pan." All the same, I know how triumphant she must have felt when she achieved that miracle. Successful economy is something to make a song about.

Take sugar, now. Or rather, *don't* take sugar, for you'll be wanting to save as much as you can so as to deal worthily with Christmas preparations. Moreover, sugar being an energizer, the sweetening agent you use as a substitute must also be at least equal to sugar in energy and food value, if you don't want your family to wilt like faded flowers around you. Honey, molasses (which you can buy in tins) and syrup immediately suggest themselves, and since at this time of the year good warming puddings—the kind which stick to your ribs—are welcome, here is a pleasant, old-fashioned recipe which uses no sugar at all:

Honey Bolster: Put two tablespoonfuls of honey into a pan, warm gently, then stir in two ounces of breadcrumbs, together with half a flat teaspoonful of ginger and an ounce of chopped nuts. I prefer chopped walnuts, but any nuts are suitable. Mix well and leave to cool while you prepare the bolster case. Sift a small teaspoonful of baking-powder with half a pound of flour, and rub in quarter pound of chopped suet. Add cold water gradually until the dough is elastic, but not sticky. Roll into an oblong shape on a floured board. It should be at least quarter-inch thick. Spread the filling on the paste, leaving a margin of one and a half inches all round. Damp the edges and roll up the bolster, pinching the ends firmly together, so that none of the filling oozes. Tie into a scalded and floured pudding-cloth and put at once into boiling water. Boil gently for at least one and a half hours. The quantities given are enough for a family of five, so if there are only two and a half, or even three of you, use half the ingredients only.

I USE molasses for that traditional American dish, *Boston Baked Beans*, which is a cold weather standby in my family. If you have only known the tinned variety previously, the flavour of these will be a revelation. Soak half a pound of brown or haricot beans in an earthenware casserole overnight, together with a small knuckle of bacon which your kind provision merchant will probably let you have off-ration. (If a knuckle is unobtainable, use scraps of fat bacon instead). Next day add more cold water to replace that which the beans will have absorbed. Bring to the boil, and add a tablespoonful of molasses, a teacupful of tomato purée or ketchup. Cook *very* slowly in the oven—three or four hours is not too much—or simmer for that time on top of the stove. This will keep for several days, if your family will let it! Ideal for growing boys, especially for those who are afflicted by appetite in the middle of the night!

And syrup? Any suet pudding is enriched by it, or you can use it as a sweetener for tart fruit, first sprinkling a small pinch of bicarbonate of soda over the fruit itself to lessen its acid content. Try stewing apples, lemon-flavoured, without any sweetening at all, then adding syrup and a walnut of butter after cooking.

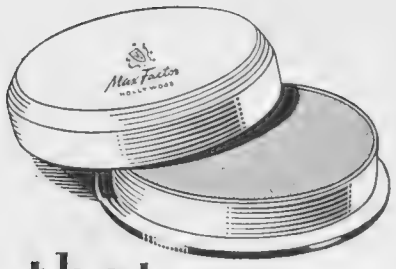
Or do you know that delicious regional speciality, *Wisbech Baked Pears*? Here you use the pears whole, peeling them (under water so that they don't discolour) removing the little "nail" at the top and replacing it with a clove. Put a thin layer of syrup at the bottom of an oven dish, lay the pears on this bed, add half a cupful of cold water and another thin layer of syrup, using in all about two tablespoonfuls of syrup to a pound of pears. Put a close cover on the dish, and bake in a slow oven for one and a half hours, or until the pears are tender. Leave till cold, then serve, if possible with thick cream.

THERE'S really no end to the possibilities of syrup. A nursery favourite in my family, with the extra virtue of being quick to prepare, is the following, for which you'll need a two-inch thick slice of stale bread. Cut off the crust, pour about a gill of milk flavoured with two drops of vanilla over the bread and soak for twenty minutes: (*Continued on page* 66)

SENSITIVE
SKIN needs
Every wash with Cuticura is a tonic beauty treatment. The medicated lather cleans, refreshes and beautifies.
Cuticura
SOAP

Only Max Factor's

Pan-Cake*



will give your complexion that

fresh, young, natural look!

USE IT THIS QUICK, EASY WAY

STEP 1—*It's so simple and easy*—with lanolin-rich Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up, *the only cake make-up guaranteed not to dry your skin.* Choose the shade with the tone of your skin as your colour-cue. Then —begin, of course, with a clean skin.

Now Max Factor reveals yet another of the off-stage beauty secrets of Hollywood's loveliest stars. It's Pan-Cake . . . lanolin rich Pan-Cake . . . *guaranteed* to give you a more naturally flattering complexion than ever before without drying your skin—without the slightest "made-up" look. Pan-Cake hides every tiny blemish and freckle . . . tenderly protects your skin . . . gives you hours and hours of enviable complexion beauty as no other make-up could possibly do . . . yet it's so light and sheer, your face can't even feel it! Use Pan-Cake this new, easy way . . . and achieve for *yourself* a new, delicate, *natural* complexion loveliness. So inexpensive too! . . . PRICE **4/11**

STEP 2—*For the best results use a sponge*—wet not just moist. Saturate it with water, then squeeze just short of the dripping point and rub *lightly* over your Pan-Cake. Use quick, light strokes to put a thin film—do keep it thin! —over the entire face and down to neckline. Then while still moist, blot your face immediately with tissue.

Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD

—for that Fresh, Young, *Natural* Look

ESTHER WILLIAMS

as she looks when away from the cameras.

This lovely lady of the screen now starring in

M.G.M's. Production

"MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID"

(Colour by Technicolor)

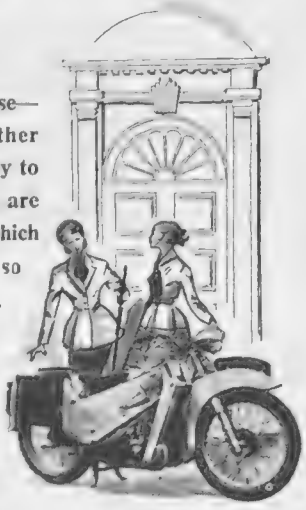
is one of many Hollywood beauties who depend on Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up for that Fresh, Young, Natural Look . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

For her tan complexion and light brownette hair, Esther chooses Max Factor Tan No. 1 Pan-Cake

GUARANTEE. Buy Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake at any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time you use it, simply return the unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood & London (Sales) Limited, 16, Old Bond Street, London, W.1 for full refund.

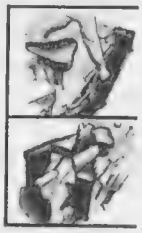
* *Pan-Cake is the registered Trade Mark of Max Factor & Co., Hollywood.*

Quiet Elegance...



No fuss—no noise—excellent weather protection—easy to manage—these are the features which make the L.E. so popular today. Have a good look and listen (if you can hear it) to the next one that passes—you'll agree.

Write for list BE giving full details.



Top. Starting is light and easy with hand lever.

Lower. Capacious pannier bags are standard equipment.

THE SILENT

Velocette

MODEL L.E.

VELOCE LTD., YORK ROAD, BIRMINGHAM, 28

Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother — when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs'. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

The Downs Of Dorset

(*Continued from page 29*)

off where the downs reach the sea by Beer Head, just as two other spokes of the same wheel end abruptly at Beachy Head and at the Shakespeare Cliff by Dover.

THE Dorset hills have the same wealth of flowering plants as the rest of the English downlands, the same deep-set hedge-girt tracks, and the broad walks over the springy turf of the uplands. Their farms and villages are grouped near the banks of shallow streams or nestle in the dry valleys scooped out of the chalk by glacial action or by rivers which have long since disappeared or only flow after heavy rain in the hills.

They have, too, something more, a quality far rarer and more precious than any of these, the feeling of utter seclusion, of being a world of their own that has no part in the bustling world of to-day or in the journeyings of business men or holiday-makers. Their life centres, as it did eight hundred years ago, on the life of the village community. Though the feudal system is long since dead and the husbandmen of the downland valleys are as free as the industrial workers of the cities, there lingers a traditional regard for the squire and a respect for the big house, which is more often than not the manor farm, while the erstwhile squire, now turned working farmer, draws a none-too-good living from the unwilling soil.

There lingers, too, in spite of universal radio a rare ability of the people to find their own simple recreations. It is a long journey to the cinema at Dorchester or Shaftesbury and there are many villages which have no regular bus service. The village pub is the meeting place of the men, the Women's Institute of the women. There is talk, talk, talk—always about rural politics, about the weather, about the crops, but with a depth of meaning and understanding which leaves the townsman bewildered and uncertain of his ground.

These rural people work uncommonly hard. They have to if they are to live. The bad or lazy farmer will not long be able to maintain himself in a countryside which for all its beauty, for all its variety of scenery and the quiet loveliness of its villages, is not endowed richly by nature and yields crops which are far below the average for the country as a whole.

A traveller who learned to know his Dorset more than fifty years ago divided all Dorset, like Arabia of classical times, into three parts. One he called Felix, the happy, prosperous land of the Vale of Blackmore; another Deserta, the wastes of Hardy's Egdon Heath; and the third Petraea, the rocky uplands of the chalk. The scene has not changed in fifty years. His division, because it is one based on the stern dispensation of nature, is an immutable one. The downlands are as "rocky" as ever, the Vale of Blackmore by comparison as "happy."

IT is a wonderful experience to walk up through the chalk country from the direction of Dorchester, along the ridges which rise above Cerne Abbas and Minterne Magna and on towards the high ridge of the downs. At every mile the ground grows less fertile, the few ploughed fields in the valleys more overlaid with the white of the chalk and the stones which are flints broken from the rocky cores of the chalk soil. Then quite without warning and almost as swiftly as a transformation scene in a Christmas pantomime, the prospect changes. The traveller breasts the last upward slope and standing high on the abrupt north face of the hills looks down on a dainty chequerwork pattern of field and hedgerow with the silver threads of little streams running through it. This is the generous landscape that is the Vale of Blackmore. Nowhere in England is the change more abrupt, nowhere are two such different worlds separated by so small a barrier. Across the valley the cliff on which Shaftesbury is set stands as a high watch-tower hemming in the rich land of the valley on its farther side.

The downs are walkers' country first and foremost. The rights of way first established under the feudal laws of medieval villages are there to-day, mostly as bridle ways and footpaths, only a few of them changed into surfaced roads. They lead along the whale-backed ridges, dipping into a tiny village in a valley then rising to the next ridge. One can walk anywhere in the Dorset Downs—over long cross-country routes thirty miles or more in a straight line, without reaching a sizeable town.

One will have to descend into the valley to find accommodation and that will inevitably be of the simplest kind. But apart from that one can keep to the high ground by this route for nearly sixty miles and never see a sign of a town except perhaps on a clear day the haze that hangs distantly across the broad valley towards Yeovil.

There is pleasure in store for the motorist, too, if he is patient and will follow out the little winding lanes with a one-inch ordnance map, visiting village after village as he takes a tortuous course up the valleys and over the hills. There is a fine straight ride up the valley of the Piddle, Puddle or Trent by Piddlehinton and Piddletrenthide to Buckland Newton. There is another fine valley ride through the water meadows of the Cerne to Cerne Abbas and Minterne Magna.

CERNE ABBAS itself has many distinctions. One of its greatest is that it has a regular bus service, in the summer months at least, with Dorchester and with Yeovil, and a hotel which appears in the recognized lists. But let not thought of such modern amenities create an impression that Cerne belongs to the present. Its heritage lies in the past—in the old abbey, of which little but the church remains, an abbey founded in Saxon times and a refuge where centuries later Margaret of Anjou sought safety after the Battle of Barnet in the Wars of the Roses. The church, a landmark for miles around from the encircling hilltops, is a grand building in the late Gothic style of architecture. A parish church now, as so many abbey churches have become, it has just one peculiarity for the curious to seek, a gargoyle with smoke-blackened face whose mouth is a vent which some think was the chimney of the oven in which the monks baked the holy bread six hundred years ago.

The abbey is not the oldest part of Cerne. That honour belongs to the giant figure cut in the face of the chalk on the hill facing the old workhouse, which became a Youth Hostel to cater for the tramps of the modern generation. Without doubt the giant is a prehistoric figure. The monks of Cerne did not treat him with the zeal for purity with which the monks of Wilmington treated the corresponding Long Man on the Sussex Downs. The giant of Cerne remains as virile as when his prehistoric makers first cut him. Looking at his life-like image in the chalk one can almost believe the legend that he represents a real giant who preyed on the sheep-folds of Blackmore and strode on to the hill above Cerne to sleep, whereupon the village lads leaped upon him, cut his throat and drew his outline in the chalk. That is a medieval legend which even a generation or so ago many Dorset people believed.

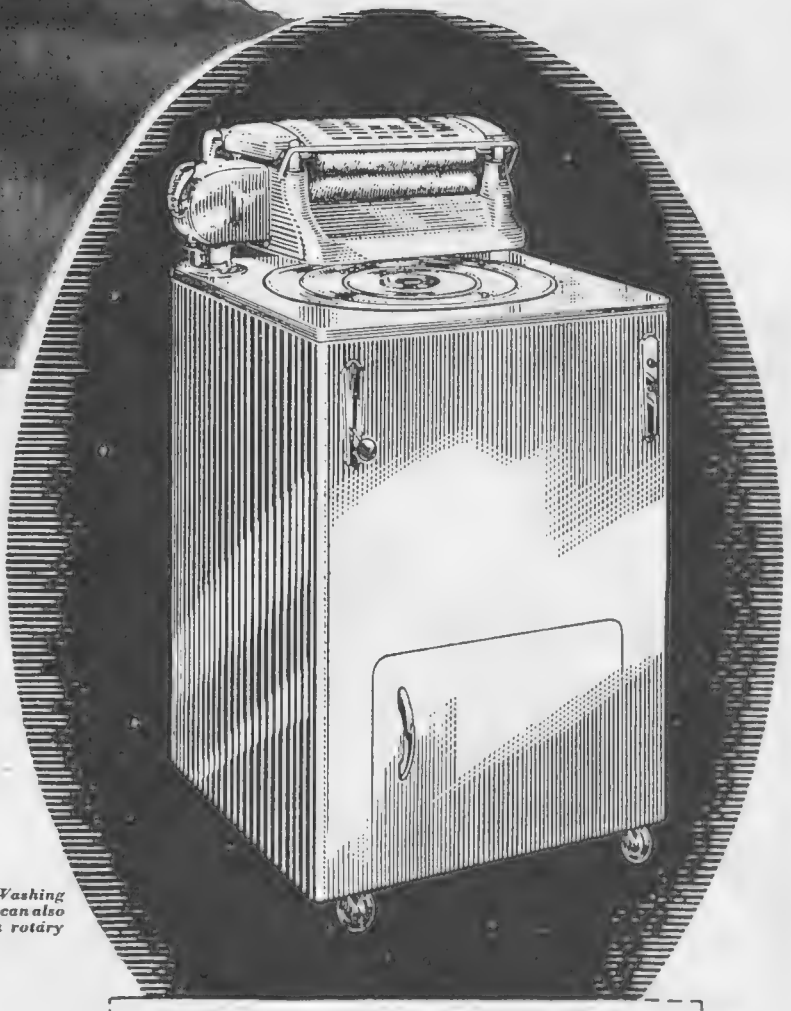
Southward the downs reach over the road which links Blandford with Dorchester and come to the sea at White Nothe, overlooking Ringstead Bay. That is a wondrously quiet part of the coast, a peaceful interlude between the well-sung beauties of Lulworth and the crowded environs of Weymouth. Farther west the hills end at the cliff above Portisham and Abbotsbury. Thousands of years ago the sea washed against the foot of this cliff. Now it is separated from the coast by a two-mile-wide strip of fertile land. The views are all the more spectacular because of that placid interlude. The sea glitters brightly in the background and the restful pattern of the green fields fills the foreground of a picture which shows a perfect harmony of line and colour.

END

REMEMBER POPPY DAY

how nice

to have the time....



How nice to have time and energy for a walk even on washday.
My Hotpoint washer is so quick I can wash when it suits me and so easy that I really enjoy it. We're more than thankful we bought a Hotpoint.

Hotpoint

electric appliances

The Hotpoint Washing Machine which can also be fitted with a rotary ironer.

make time for you

THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND
LONDON OFFICE & SHOWROOMS: CROWN HOUSE, ALDWYCH

SCOTLAND: WEST CAMPBELL ST., GLASGOW · EIRE: SUFFOLK ST., DUBLIN · BIRMINGHAM BOURNEMOUTH · BRISTOL · CARDIFF · LEEDS MANCHESTER · NEWCASTLE · NORWICH · NOTTINGHAM · READING

Member of the A.E.I. group of companies

Please tick literature required

Washing Machine, Ironing Machines, Clothes Dryer, Refrigerators, Water Heaters, Cleaners, Toasters, Irons, Fires, Boiling rings, Fans, Kitchen Sinks and Cabinets.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WM2/B.E.

Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who have trouble in keeping their systems 'regular.'

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is now on sale which will give them just the help they need. Actually it is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'* with a selected grade of **MEDICINAL PARAFFIN**

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, unrivalled as a mild antacid-laxative. Together with Medicinal Paraffin it gives just that lubricating action which ensures 'regularity' without effort—so much better than purging. This is why, for instance, it has been found specially good for expectant or nursing mothers.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR' REGD.
FOR
EFFORTLESS REGULARITY

** The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Ltd.*

No Escape From The Passport

(Continued from page 13)

kind stood little chance of being admitted to the walled cities of the country. Technically, the presentation of a silver key gave a visitor the right of entry, but most merchants and envoys of that time were understandably reluctant to venture far without a document signed personally by their sovereign or head of state.

In Imperial Rome, law-abiding citizens could move around with a considerable degree of freedom. But even there, if they wished to travel from one of the seaports, it was likely that the local controller of customs would call on them to produce documentary evidence of their good character and to explain the purpose of their voyage abroad.

There are plenty of examples of medieval passports and "safe-conducts" in various national museums. One treasured parchment was issued by Juliano de Medici, a sixteenth-century captain-general of the forces in Italy, to one Cechino Veglienti, who was entrusted with the mission of raising men for the galleys. The pass is dated May 22, 1515. Another is the special safe conduct given by the Doge of Venice to Henry III of Navarre's envoy in March, 1555. Passes of this kind were not compact affairs, but dignified scrolls of parchment, usually with heavy seals attached.

IN England, we acquired the passport habit some time after the Norman conquest. Once the idea had been planted in official life in this country, it spread with the virulence and tenacity of a giant weed. But it was a long time before the government departments began to streamline their methods, and an intending traveller might have months to wait before the necessary permission was granted.

Earlier, under the Plantagenets, it was ordered that "no man shall go forth of the realm" without the King's special leave. And "abroad" in those days included Scotland—a traveller trying to cross into the Highlands was likely to come up against just the same sort of difficulties and frustrations as a tourist in France or Flanders. The passport had to be signed by the Ambassador or Governor of the friendly power concerned.

For quite a long time, an ordinary British citizen needed a recommendation from his banker or Member of Parliament before a passport could be issued to him, and he had to pay the sum of £2 18s. 6d. One account, written in the last century, complains that for a visit to France, a British traveller had first to obtain a passport in London, and then on arrival in France, have it signed by the French Minister of the Interior before he could return home again. The French authorities insisted, in fact, on holding a visitor's passport for the duration of his stay in the country, issuing him with a *passe-provisoire* which had to be produced on demand.

FOR those who revolted against red tape, or did not wish for some reason to have their journey drawn to the attention of the authorities, there were ways of getting round the regulations. Pirates and smugglers ran a profitable side-line in ferrying "undercover" passengers across the Channel. Provided the traveller was willing to run the risk of having his throat slit by a band of ruffians, he could be fairly sure of slipping past the coastguards on the other side.

But, if we want to find a scapegoat for the passport problem, we must turn to France. It was probably that pompous spendthrift, Louis XIV, who finally set the seal of permanency on the passport by discovering that it was not only a useful check on the movements of his subjects, but also a promising source of increased revenue for the state coffers. It did not need a particularly astute financial brain to realize that, as travellers had to pay for their permits, the more that were issued the greater this welcome contribution to the Royal purse would be.

True, the total number of passports issued at that time was infinitesimal compared with the giant flow of to-day. But this was largely due to the fact that travel was almost exclusively a pleasure for the nobility, rich counts and barons who liked to tour the Continent in search of works of art which could adorn their homes, or wealthy invalids seeking new cures.

By the time Louis XV came to the throne, passports were becoming a national institution. A whole host of Government clerks had been recruited for the task of issuing and checking the travel permits, and a vicious circle thus developed: the clerks, knowing that their salaries depended on the income from the passports, had a vested interest in keeping the number issued as high as possible; and the greater the flow of applications, the larger the force of clerks which had to be employed.

While France was in the throes of a "passport revolution," Russia was keeping an interested eye on what was happening there. Traditionally suspicious of foreigners, she soon adopted the passport system. The German countries, too, were eager recruits to the new passport fashion.

Even in Turkey, where religious bigotry usually smothered any new ideas, Sultan Mahmoud the Reformer introduced his own brand of passport control.

IN recent times, the passport has had its supporters as well as its opponents. When a special League of Nations committee met in 1926 to consider the whole question of passport control, the British delegate declared that the British Government considered the passport was "one of the most useful possessions that a traveller abroad could possibly have." It enabled him, said the delegate, to claim the protection of his diplomatic representatives if he got into difficulty.

This view was, surprisingly, shared by most of the other countries represented. It was left to the Polish delegate to propose the "total abolition" of the passport system. This was ruled out almost at once, however, as being too radical a remedy.

The committee did agree that entrance and transit visas should be abolished wherever possible by means of inter-state agreements. The passport, however, emerged with a halo round its head as a permanent feature. The rising political tension of the thirties made sure that most of the advances in the visa field were swept away as well.

TO-DAY there appears to be no likelihood whatever of the passport being abolished. Perhaps that is not, in the twentieth century, a bad thing. If it were put to the public vote, I imagine that as many would be in favour of keeping it as of having it abolished, on the grounds that a passport gives the traveller a feeling of security in these troubled times.

But where progress could, and on a limited scale is, being made is in the reduction of visa formalities. It is an encouraging thought that it is now possible for an Englishman to travel to France, Belgium, Italy, Luxembourg, Holland and several other countries in Europe—as well, of course, as the Commonwealth territories—without any visa at all. With the growing interest in European federation, it should soon be possible to extend these facilities still further.

But there are dark clouds, too. Side by side with the encouraging developments, there has to be taken into account that most formidable of barriers, the Iron Curtain. Any traveller who has tried to pass into Soviet-occupied Europe knows just how irritating and obstructive the visa can become. And, as a result of the cold war, the United States has also adopted a vigorous visa-screening practice which is fundamentally against its belief in the freedom of the individual.

All in all, John Florio's advice to travellers is as applicable to the tourists of to-day as it was to the merchant-venturers of earlier time.

END

helena rubinstein

Stay Long

INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

IN EIGHT BRILLIANT NEW SHADES

Helena Rubinstein, world beauty authority, now creates an indelible lipstick — ***Stay Long.*** It contains an amazing new ingredient "Indelibase" so that ***Stay Long*** really does last on your lips. ***Stay Long*** comes in a range of flashing, dashing, ravishing true reds, blue reds and pink reds, all bold and beautiful . . . for every wardrobe . . . for every complexion . . . for every occasion . . . for every age.

Keeps it's Creamy Lustre all day !

"I believe my new ***Stay Long*** lipstick is the most perfect lipstick you can wear" says Madam Rubinstein. "After years of experiment I have discovered a formula which not only makes my new lipstick last on your lips, but protects them. This formula is a perfect balance of adherent and moisturising ingredients. You just apply ***Stay Long*** in the morning and blot as directed. ***Stay Long*** will stay on your lips all day".

true reds — Paris Red, Apple Red, Coronation Red

blue reds — Rose Mauve, Command Performance, Plush Red

pink reds — Tender Pink, Sporting Pink

Stay Long Lipstick 11/8, Refills 6/8. Rouge-en-creme to match 8/4. (all incl. tax)

3 grafton street, london, w.1 grosvenor 7501

BALLITO HOSIERY MILLS LTD · ST. ALBANS · ENGLAND

Echo Of A Dream (*Continued from page* 33)

"Oh dear," she exclaimed, "you're hurt."

"No . . . no."

"You don't look a bit well. And there's a big red mark on your forehead." She chattered on. "You know, I've got the queerest impression I've seen you before."

"I . . . er . . . well as a matter of fact I have the same feeling myself about you."

"Oh look! Here's the garage. Will you tell them what to do? I'll go over to that restaurant across the street. I simply must have a cup of coffee. I feel all fluttered. I'll order one for you and then we can exchange names and things for your insurance company. It was all your fault, of course."

She laughed and he felt a shiver. It was an oddly familiar laugh, like a leaf in sunshine caught by a breeze.

HE joined her for coffee a little later. He needed it. He felt quite shaken. His carefully planned day was ruined. His hand shook as he lifted his cup. It annoyed him. Shock was having its delayed effect on him whereas this piece of nonsense opposite was chattering her way out of any after-effects of the accident. It was upsetting to feel that an empty-headed girl. . . . But was she an empty-headed girl?

Had the accident been a continuation of the morning's visitation . . . a softening up of the victim? He didn't feel at all himself.

She gazed at him with disturbingly frank honey-brown eyes.

"I'm worried about you," she said. "Bit green about the gills."

"Hardly good for the nerves!" he said dryly.

"You probably didn't expect it."

He looked up sharply from his coffee. "You did?"

"That's the devil of it," she pouted gloomily.

There was something about the cool elegance of her white linen suit, the frothy femininity of her blouse, the frivolity of the white hat on her red hair, a combination of taste and feather-headedness that was as far from reality as all the other things that had happened or had seemed to happen to him that morning.

"That's the devil of it?" He echoed the words.

"It just had to happen," she sighed. "And it wasn't my car either. It was Harvey's."

"Who is Harvey?"

"He keeps asking me to marry him but of course I'd much rather fall in love. But we were at a party last night and floating to the surface and he asked me to elope with him. And I said I couldn't in evening dress. . . ."

"Was it a grey misty kind of thing?" asked the professor.

"It would have been silly, wouldn't it? So when I woke up this morning there was his car just where he said he'd leave it for me to meet him at the. . . ." She stopped and her eyes opened wider. "How did you know it was grey tulle?"

"I told you I'd seen you before." He was feeling as though her conversation was misty grey, a froth of cloud floating in a summer sky.

Her hand went to her mouth and her eyes were surprised with recognition. "Of course, it's the clothes!"

"I was wearing pyjamas," he said dryly.

Her surprise broke into a laugh. "They are rather silly, aren't they, those things you wear, that white fur round the neck trimmed with red. But they look so dignified."

The surprise was now in his eyes but she went on.

"I suppose, it's all those degrees you have, your gown was so much nicer than the others."

"You mean you were at the lecture last night?"

"That was before the party. We passed the hall and Harvey pointed out your name and said, 'That's the drip who flunked me,' and I said, 'What fun! Let's go in!' And of course I couldn't understand a word. I thought the sea was just water but you made it sound so terribly exciting, and full of things I'd never even heard of, all that stuff about pods and globes."

"Pteropods and globigerina."

"Then in the vestibule you were talking to some old men and you looked at me and I said, 'I think you are terribly clever,' but you looked straight through me as if you hadn't seen me at all. So when Harvey asked me to elope with him about midnight I thought, why not?"

The professor called for another cup of coffee. He felt a cold perspiration on his brow. Conversation like this would drive him mad within a week. Or would it? It was hearing the sea break upon a beach, much more restful than knowing all the intricate jungle life below the frivolous whitecaps.

"And so you were eloping!"

"Oh no. When I woke up this morning, I knew I just couldn't. . . ." Her words stopped. She stared at him. He was very pale. Then her attention, butterfly-like, was distracted by what she saw through the window. "Oh look! They've found us."

A policeman from a police car was crossing the road from the garage. He came into the restaurant, looked around, saw them and came over.

"Since when did you think you could desert a couple of smashed cars jammed across an intersection?"

Charles Rodney slid gently from his chair to the floor.

The girl jumped to her feet. "Oh!" she cried. "He's hurt. Quick! Take him to the hospital!"

THE professor woke for the second time that day. A sedative had given him several hours of restoring sleep and now in the late afternoon he awoke feeling more like his normal self . . . that is, until he saw the girl sitting on the end of his bed.

The light from the window was behind her. Her hair had a golden sheen and the light catching the white net of the small beret, gave the distinct impression of a halo. She was watching him with a cool serenity of a woman who faced with an emergency has become practical.

"Who are you this time?" he asked.

She laughed and the cool serenity broke into fragments of light.

"I must be your good angel," she said. "You didn't have a thing on you to say who you were so I had to telephone Harvey." She laughed. "Was he angry?"

"His car?"

"And me. But you didn't seem to have any relatives here. So I rummaged through your wallet—the hospital people seemed to think I belonged to you—and I found a prescription from Doctor Fleming." She frowned for a moment—a fragment of cloud across the sun. "You hadn't done anything about it, by the way."

"You didn't call him, did you?" He swore under his breath.

"He's a dear. We had lunch. Just to talk about you."

"What was wrong with me?"

"Just delayed shock. He said you were due for a breakdown anyway. The accident was no surprise to him. He asked me to do you a favour."

Charles Rodney sat up. "I'd be glad if you would. Ask the nurse to let me have my clothes."

She laughed. "Oh, it wasn't that. He asked me to take you out to dinner. I said I'd love to."

"Did it occur to you I've lost a day already?"

She laughed, a light blown-leaf laugh that brushed aside his words. "A day with your stuffy old specimens. Just what Dr. Fleming said, and he was positively enthusiastic."

"About my specimens?"

"No, about my falling in love with you, bang, just like that! He said you'd be more interested in collecting specimens of poisonous spiders."

SHE stood up, slim and elegant, pervading the room with her aura of decorative femininity.

"Good-bye, Charles, dear. A girl can go so far but no farther."

She moved and then, back against the light from the window, paused, as beautiful and useless as a flower in a carefully cultivated garden. Yet biologically he knew flowers were superbly equipped for survival, with any number of gardeners ready to assist by cultivating and watering and weeding the soil for them to bloom in perfection.

Then quickly she crossed to him, bent over him, and touched his lips lightly with hers.

"That's for remembrance," she murmured.

A startled expression followed her as she stood up again and then he grabbed at her hand.

"It wasn't hallucination! I didn't hear voices. It was a dream echoing the impression registered on my subconscious!"

This time it was her eyes that were startled. "I—I'll call the nurse."

"Nurse, be hanged. That fool Fleming talked about schizophrenia. Then when I saw you. . . ." He smiled. "I had the craziest idea that you were the devil."

She laughed her light blown-leaf laugh.

"Come to snare my soul," he laughed.

He gazed at her with the wide-eyed delight of a biologist who has just discovered a perfect specimen of some rare species.

"What nonsense!" he muttered.

She bent down and kissed him again, this time slowly and with an air of conquest.

"What nonsense!" she murmured.

END

Book Reviews *Continued from page* 30)

talking to and making love with pretty women, the English shun these pleasures like snares of the devil. (*Do they?*) Sensuality is repressed in every possible way. (*Is it?*)" Parentheses mine, for I dislike facile generalizations about nations, even though I sometimes make them myself. "For the French, love is the rose of life. For the English, it is the thorn." And so on, and so on, in **"Mesentente Cordiale"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) by French wife Nadia Legrand and English husband Roland Gant, wittily prefaced by Peter Ustinov. Amusing, provoking, occasionally wise, but generally the half-truth rouged up as the whole one. Just too, too easy, *mes amis*. . . .

MORE to my taste, at the moment, is Sir William Beach Thomas's **"Gardens"** (Burke, 21s.), for I had just seen the rock and Japanese gardens at Byron's Newstead Abbey, so exquisitely maintained by Nottingham Corporation, which must be among the loveliest in Britain. He surveys the literature of gardens, quotes copiously as anthologist. Luxury format with sixteen colour and half-tone plates makes this a book to note for Christmas.

ANOTHER for the advance Christmas list will doubtless be Dr. George Bankoff's **"The Essential Eve"** (Cassell, 18s. 6d.), a book on beauty-care for women from the medical standpoint of general health and fitness, not only cosmetics and treatments. The cult of beauty, (*Continued on page* 64)

he says, covers an immense field, from choice of a soap to plastic surgery, from the use of cold cream to the resources of modern psychology. His purpose is to provide the elementary knowledge that will enable women to solve their beauty problems and judge between the various products and systems. The bedside manner applied to the boudoir....

DAPHNE DU MAURIER wrote for me, when I edited newspaper features, her first article—on the sadness of being a famous actor's daughter! There was no indication then that she would become a best-seller fictioneer. Her latest, **"The Apple Tree"** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), comprises a short novel and five long stories ranging in theme from ghost to murderess, from mountaineers and sun-worshippers to birds that turn on the human race—a Wellsian fantasy. No *Jamaica Inn* here, but still the art of the born story-teller.

PATRICK DONOVAN, in James Courage's **"Fires In The Distance"** (Constable, 13s. 6d.), was no born sheep-farmer. He emigrated to New Zealand with his family after the first World War, finds refuge from his changed life in drink, while his wife finds hers in imaginary invalidism, playing Beethoven at night and reading verse. The son cooks, the elder daughter herds the sheep, the younger, a savage, barges into everything, including her sister's love affair. A family study of nostalgia in the great open spaces, done with a quiet, sensitive humour and pathos.

MARY MITCHELL'S **"Simple Simon"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is a family study, too—with a difference. Miriam, the daughter of an aristocratic Guards officer and clever Jewess, wilfully marries a butcher's son whom she meets at a provincial university where she teaches maths. She is sure she has enough brains and ambition for both and can make him a success, but comes up against barriers and snobberies which give the story its social conflict. Miss Mitchell writes so well that we feel a personal interest in her characters and their problems.

I CANNOT claim this for Raymond Radiguet's **"Count d'Orgel Opens The Ball"** (Harvill Press, 10s. 6d.), translated by Violet Schiff, which subtilizes, rather too tenuously, a young man's frustrated love for the Count's young wife in a triangle relationship. It is not the short masterpiece Jean Cocteau implies in a preface; more the outline for one by a French writer of real promise who died at twenty. The count's Christian name is Anne, which strikes one as incongruous; the Countess's Mahaut, which suggests elephants. At times the bare narrative reads like a synopsis.

TAKE a rooming house on the lesser, south side of Beverly Hills, trace—with cutbacks—the stories of the people in it, and you have the material for straight-from-life drama. Vina Delmar's **"About Mrs. Leslie"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is also about the idealistic love of a coming-up film girl for a young, moneyed waster and drinker whom she redeems. But Mrs. Leslie, bless her, is all a landlady should be, and more: the embodiment of maternal U.S. sentiment.

THE disappearance of a partner in a Queensland gold mine opens the whodunit trail in Peers Elliott's **"The Mystery Of The Black Dagger"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.). But as the surviving partner married his "widow" and is mighty keen that No. 3 level should remain closed—well, what's your guess?

THINGS are slicker, more sophisticated in **"55 Short Stories From The 'New Yorker'"** (Gollancz, 15s.), a second collection, 1940-50, of nearly 500 pages, also worth noting well ahead for Christmas. If only U.S. films were as consistently intelligent!

Books also recommended for reading include:

FICTION

"No Tears Are Shed," by Stratford Davis (Andrew Melrose, 9s. 6d.); **"Minority Colt,"** by Glenda Spooner (Cassell, 9s. 6d.); **"Sugar And Spice,"** by Margaret Ferguson (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"Twilight Of A Tudor,"** by Ursula Bloom (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"The Magnificent Failure,"** by Ruth Feiner (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"No Name In The Street,"** by Kay Cicellis (Harvill, 1s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Emily Dickinson," by Richard Chase (American Men of Letters Series; Metheun, 16s.); **"Hoyle-Up-To-Date,"** edited by Ewart Kempson, Albert H. Moorehead and Geoffrey Mott-Smith (Derricke Ridgway, 10s. 6d.); **"My Greatest Day In Golf,"** by Darsie L. Darsie (Alvin Redman, 18s.); **"Lancashire's Fair Face,"** by Jessica Lofthouse (Robert Hale, 18s.).

END

Modern Portias (*Continued from page 41*)

Attorney-General. And there are other high offices in the legal profession open to her, such as Lord Chief Justice or Master of the Rolls.

There is no reason except prejudice why she should not attain one of these positions; for she has all the capabilities of a brilliant man.

The history of her life so far is punctuated with successes.

At seven, for example, she won the Liverpool Musical Festival gold medal for elocution, and she has never lost her golden tongue.

She took a first in her LL.B. exam, and later won a three-year scholarship to Gray's Inn at £300 a year.

She was made a K.C. after only ten years at the Bar as a junior, the minimum time required before "taking silk."

Her cases, too, have hit the headlines many times, with glowing accounts of her ability in court.

She defended George Kelly, one of the two men accused of the Liverpool Cameo Cinema murder. After a trial lasting five days, she made a three and a quarter hours final speech in his defence, and appeared to be as fresh afterwards as she had been at the beginning of the trial.

She defended Donald Johnson, the Liverpool window-cleaner, accused of harbouring the Cameo murderers, and after duelling relentlessly with the police for three hours over the admissability of a vital document in the case, Johnson was acquitted.

I HAVE heard it said that women are only capable of handling certain types of cases. Not so the ubiquitous Rose Heilbron. She revels in almost all types.

For instance, some Liverpool dockers chose her to defend them when they were charged at the Old Bailey with inciting strikes. This was her greatest triumph, so far. It brought her in 750 guineas plus £150 a day "refreshers" for the ten days the trial lasted—and also this unusual tribute from a docker: "I'd like to kiss you, miss, but I'm married and that would be adultery!"

Miss Heilbron has appeared several times for the renowned Mrs. Braddock, M.P., who is a friend of hers. When she was representing her recently, in the Court of Appeal, the three judges sitting there were continually interrupting and questioning her during the five-day trial; but Rose Heilbron was never lost for a reply, and often was ready with her answer before the judge had finished his question.

One of the greatest handicaps of a woman barrister is her voice. In court, ears have been attuned for centuries to deep masculine voices, and when the higher, softer, feminine tones break in it is often difficult to hear them.

Rose Heilbron is clear and precise of speech and has a deep, powerful voice. This she uses to its best advantage when she is abruptly and almost pugnaciously cross-examining a hostile witness; or when, with her twinkling eyes and ready sense of humour, she is persuasively trying to sway a judge or jury.

After her defence of the solicitor Louis Bloom, accused of murdering Patricia Hessler, a man who had been listening to the trial wrote to her: "Dear lady, you can't go around persuading juries that men can strangle their lady friends."

What is she like as a person, this pretty, vivacious brunette—wife of a Liverpool doctor, and mother of a three-year-old girl?

Dr. Bernstein, her husband, who first saw her in court and fell in love with her immediately, says that when he was teaching her to play golf recently, she argued too much even then, and he adds: "When she heard she had become a K.C. she was as excited as if she had won an exam at school."

Rose is indeed a very human person, and the Bernsteins are a happy and devoted family. Before she was called to the Bar, Rose said that she would always continue to practise, whether she married or not, but she added: "I won't sacrifice my life for my career. Legal problems won't keep me from other jobs I love—like housekeeping and gardening."

And so it has proved.

A bedroom in the Bernstein home has been converted into a study for Rose, where she works at her law books, often until late into the night. But she still finds time to do the family shopping.

PEOPLE ask: "Are there many women barristers besides Helena Normanton and Rose Heilbron? Are they any good?"

The answer to both questions is, "Yes."

There are about forty women barristers practising to-day. One or two are to be found specializing in nearly every branch of the law, but the majority do criminal work. And then there are the "Divorce Queens," as those who specialize in divorce cases are nicknamed. Notable amongst these is Miss Morgan Gibbon, who has built herself up a substantial practice over many years at the Bar.

It is hard to say as yet who among the younger women will reach the top, but the names of two are often heard around the Temple. Both are twenty-six years old.

Nina Collins, pretty, blue-eyed and fair-haired, was called to the Bar in 1947, and is seen mostly in police courts, the Old Bailey and London Sessions.

Her marriage last year to Edward Gardner, another barrister, was a memorable occasion, for it was the first "legal" wedding in St. Dunstans-in-the-West, the wartime church of the Temple, since 1938.

The other is Monique Viner, dark and vivacious, whose great ambition and determination, combined with her ability as an advocate and her nimble brain—she took an honours degree at Oxford and also in the Bar Finals—cannot fail to win her the success she deserves.

Good luck to her and to all the others; to those already practising, and to the women barristers of the future as yet unborn. Theirs is a noble heritage and worthy of the best that they can give to it.

END

For years the most
consistently successful
sports car in the world

REMEMBER POPPY DAY

MG — *Safety fast!*

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showroom: University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

(72)

'it's the
special
Lavenda way

of ***spinning*** for lovely texture
of ***dyeing*** for lasting colour
of ***twisting*** for longer life

that makes **LAVENDA**
easily the best wool value
in the world today'

made by *Sisters* of Bradford

ATORA
Roly-Poly with JAM

Who could resist it? The jam and the good beef suet roll make a delicious, satisfying, nourishing sweet.

The best in beef suet

HUGON & COMPANY LTD., OPENSHAW, MANCHESTER, 11

Too Much Respect For Period (*Continued from page 27*

to its school, but for me too rich and self-conscious as a background to the everyday business of life. Other rooms which I remember seeing successfully ape the interior of Brighton Pavilion and some of them are attractively outlandish, but an entire home decorated in this way becomes affected and "set."

More gloomy and more difficult are truly Tudor rooms with their solid oak and heavy wrought iron. Or Jacobean houses in which the oak furniture swells to housemaid's knees and stump pictures adorn the walls. Empire or Louis Quinze rooms are no less difficult to achieve or to live in and the few attempts I have seen to make Chinese rooms have ended in unmentionable disasters in which pots of lacquer and rice-paper prints have had their part.

Period, in decoration, should be a guide and an ideal but not a rule or a criterion. After all, we shall not dress in period, or introduce the lighting, heating or upholstery which our Jacobean or Elizabethan ancestors used so there seems little point in an absolute conformity. On the other hand there are anachronisms which are as offensive as clashing colours or discords.

The worst period to revere is the present. There is always a thing called the very latest and it is healthy to remember that Hepplewhite was a modern just as the makers of Victorian what-nots were. The only way to view the products of our own age is with detachment. Are they practical, aesthetically admirable or are they vulgar and misshapen? Speaking more generally than is perhaps advisable in such a matter I would say that though our interior decorating is interesting and progressive it is so only in so far as it avoids the silly and unsightly things which are sold as "the latest" or the "furniture of to-morrow." Certainly the idea of having one room decorated and filled with the best of our own time is an attractive one. Its danger lies in the fearfully swift rotations of contemporary fashion.

I know one man who decided when he bought his house in the early thirties to have one modern room and ordered chairs of nickel tubing, a mantelpiece of irregular design, cupboards flush to the wall, oilskin curtains and a carpet which looked like a diagram to prove a Euclidean proposition. It was all right while it lasted; its inherent ungainliness could be forgiven while it was "the latest thing."

But although it was arranged only twenty years ago it is already out-dated by surrealism and its chromium looks harsh, its woodwork misshapen, while the cramps and stitches caused by its furniture remind one that a chair, after all, is made to give ease and comfort and not to be an item in an elaborate scheme of décor.

COMPROMISE is the thing. If a basic style of decoration is adopted, be it William Morris, or William and Mary, Queen Anne, Regency, Lyons Corner House or Elizabethan, Balkan or Dutch, Empire, Byzantine, Chinese, Edwardian, Surrealistic, Monastic, Rococo or Georgian, there is no need to try to make every article conform. An effect will evolve in which occasional breaches give a certain charm. What is needed is an over-all, fairly elastic scheme with variations which do not offend the spirit of it. A lively sense of period in fact instead of a dull subservience to it.

That is what is evolving. We are a contrary people and shortages and discouragements seem only to have stimulated our taste and have made more English homes attractive. And the passion for compromise which is supposed to be a national characteristic has served us well in this.

END

Thread Paints The Picture (*Continued from page 34*)

Knox's linen threads may be had in many thicknesses from a fine round lace thread to a thick gimp and from white through many off whites to a stone grey and a light brown. The working threads should be kept short, as linen thread is inclined to wear by the continual passage through the ground material to the detriment of the finished effect.

A most popular type of linen work to-day is drawn fabric stitchery, where the warp and weft of the material are drawn together to make the open work. This is a good stitch for the amateur needlewoman to work as no threads are drawn away, and the ground is therefore in no way weakened. The embroidery linen thread should be as nearly as possible the same weight and colour as the linen ground, as the pattern is made by the holes left rather than by the actual stitch. The choice of design for drawn work is particularly important. There should be plain areas for the openwork and these should be banked up by solid work to act as a foil to the open portions. Outlines and details can be worked in chain, broad chain or knot stitch.

A hand-woven linen is an ideal ground material, but any evenly woven fabric such as voile for fine work or Glamis and Glenshee for bold designs are equally suitable. W. and J. Knox make beautiful round threads for the openwork, and linen floss for the solids and the outline.

There are to-day two main types of embroidery wools. The first is tapestry wool, a thickish, soft wool, used with canvas for chair seats, etc. Knitting wool can be substituted for tapestry wool but it is not so strong and does not stand up to hard wear such as is required for upholstery.

The second is Crewel wool, used on linen, cotton or twill, for Jacobean embroidery, for instance, although this type of design is due for a well-earned rest and it is to be hoped that some equally attractive contemporary designs will come along to take its place in popularity.

Needlework rugs are fascinating to make. The work goes quickly and makes little demand on the eyes. That is why it is ideal for the elderly or the enthusiastic embroidress whose sight is none too good. Rug wools and thrums with which to work needlework rugs can be obtained from Stodart of Halifax. These are real carpet wools, inexpensive and hard-wearing. The ground fabric is canvas. Any canvas will do, although a jute canvas is preferable. In any case the canvas must be entirely covered by the stitches, choice of canvas dictating the thickness of the wool.

Gros point is frequently used for rugs, but any of the canvas stitches—rice, long legged, cross stitched, etc.—all play their part. If more than one stitch is used, it may be necessary to alter the thickness of the wool for each as some stitches fill up more readily than others.

END

Save On Sugar (*Continued from page 56*)

no longer, or the bread will become too soppy. Melt two ounces of margarine in a frying pan, add two tablespoonfuls of syrup and simmer till the two are blended and you have a rich golden sauce. Put the bread in carefully and leave for five minutes, basting with the sauce. Serve hot, pour any remaining liquid around.

And while we're on the subject of nursery favourites, let us consider milk puddings. Nice, sweet, rich milk puddings! Creamy, golden-topped rice puddings, neither solid nor liquid, but something in between both, flavoured with nutmeg or lemon, or—more unusually—with a bayleaf. Try using sweetened condensed milk for this, adding water to three-quarters of a tinful, so as to make one pint of liquid in all. Butter a pudding-dish, use two tablespoonfuls of uncooked rice, pour the milk in, float a small nut of butter or margarine on top, and flavour to taste. Cook in a very slow oven for two hours.

Use this same milk mixture for bread and butter pudding. This version bears little resemblance to the soggy bread porridge which you may have encountered occasionally. Cut three slices of bread half an inch thick; take the crusts off, and butter both sides of the bread. Put slice No. 1 into a greased pudding-dish, sprinkle a few sultanas over it, cover with the second slice, then a few more sultanas, and top with the third slice. Pour half a pint of the milk mixture over the bread, and leave undisturbed for half an hour. Beat an egg into the remaining half pint of milk mixture, and pour gently over the soaked bread in the pudding-dish. Grate a little lemon-rind or nutmeg on top, and bake in a medium-slow oven for half an hour. Serve hot.

My last nursery favourite is called *Air-balloon pudding*. It's a glorified version of tapioca pudding, and if the thought of tapioca revolts you, let me urge you to try this, if only to exorcize the ghost of tapioca horrors you may have endured.

Once again you need one pint of the condensed milk liquid. Put into a saucepan and warm, then sprinkle in one tablespoonful only of dry pearl tapioca. Stir while cooking, until the pearls are quite clear. Then remove from the heat, allow to cool slightly, and quickly beat in the yolk of an egg. Whip the white until quite stiff, and fold into the mixture. Pour into a greased pudding-dish, flavour with nutmeg, bayleaf or lemon-rind, and bake in a medium oven for half an hour, or until the custard/soufflé mixture is gently set. Serve hot.

Now, just a few odd tips. When you are making a lemon or orange-flavoured dish, try using curd both for flavouring and sweetening. And don't forget the sweetened squashes will make excellent fruit sauces. Use half squash, half water, thicken with cornflour, and pour over breakfast cereal. Did you happen to notice we haven't used *any sugar at all*? Aren't we clever! (*Continued on page 72*)

JACKSON MONEY BOX

A new Jackson Electric Cooker

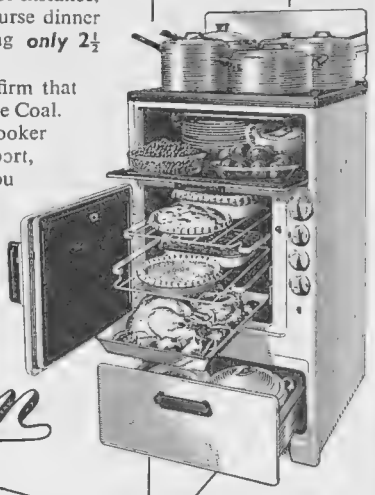
can pay for itself

. . . with the ELECTRICITY it saves!

Replace your old cooker with a new and improved Jackson. It is the oven, specially designed for low current consumption, that makes it so economical to use. For instance, you can cook a delicious two course dinner for eight people in the oven using ***only 2½ units of electricity.***

Your Electricity Suppliers confirm that Power Stations burn Lowest Grade Coal. By cooking on a new Jackson Cooker you save the best Coal for Export, Industry and the Home, and you also save yourself money.

See the latest Jackson Cookers at your local showroom, and ask for FREE *Silver Recipe Folder. Attractive Hire Purchase Terms are available in most districts.*



Jackson

Jackson Cookers are free from Purchase Tax

THE JACKSON ELECTRIC STOVE CO. LTD., 143 SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1, and Branches

"To look YOUNGER and live LONGER

Everyone over 40 should take Vitamin-Mineral Capsules"

says World Famous Authority

But even young people need extra vitamins, especially growing children. In England, and all over the world, VYKMIN is prescribed as *the* vitamin-mineral supplement because it contains such a high potency of the 6 vitamins and 5 minerals which are indispensable to good health, a youthful body and a happy mind. VYKMIN contains *all* the necessary vitamins—those in cod and halibut liver oil, in whole wheat, brewers' yeast, treacle, yoghourt, eggs, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, plus the important minerals.

The capsules are guaranteed to contain the following (also indicated on the box):

Vitamin A	*for eyes, skin and resistance.*
Vitamin D	*for teeth and bone.*
Vitamin E	*for strength and nerves.*
Vitamin B_1	*for appetite and nervous stomach.*
Vitamin B_2 (riboflavin)	*for appetite, nerves, brain vigour and skin.*
Vitamin C	*for gums and skin, anaemia prevention and blood.*

Plus Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Manganese and Iodine.

The minerals and vitamins in only 2 **VYKMIN** *capsules, added to the limited vitamin intake of the average diet, more than make up for the daily vitamin mineral deficiency.* **One Month's Supply 8/9, Two Weeks' Supply 4/9.** *Obtainable at Chemists, Boots and Timothy Whites. Roberts Pharmaceutical Laboratories Limited, 128 Baker Street, London, W.1.*

Vykmin COMBINED COMPLEX **VITAMIN MINERAL CAPSULES**

'Five-Star' cars are exciting*

CONSUL AND ZEPHYR-SIX

* and greater value than ever since price reductions

Ford ★★★★★ MOTORING

BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD

STAND Nº 137
EARLS COURT
OCT. 22 · NOV. 1

A Matter Of Command (*Continued from page 12*)

She was very white and her hand trembled a little as it held her needlework; but her voice was steady. "I had decided before. We continue towards Liverpool."

He jerked his head high and roared above her, "Then I am the master of this ship! Stand by to close haul on the starboard tack! Man your braces! Ease the helm!"

Angel drew his pistol. The mate swore and sprang at him. There was an explosion, and the mate sprawled on deck cursing and writhing with a smashed leg; but it was the girl's pistol that was smoking.

Angel stooped swiftly and snapped the handcuffs on him, then ran to the break of the poop. "As you were, men! Make fast all! On your course, helmsman!"

The men stood sheepish and silent. They had as yet hardly moved to carry out the mate's orders. Some at the back began to separate themselves from the crowd and edge away forward.

Angel called two by name from the front rank—heavy, brutish men, evident leaders of the pack. "Hanford, Carline—up here and take the mate to his cabin. The steward can look to him. The rest of you, lay for'ard."

The two men looked over their shoulders furtively and, seeing the rest dispersing, obeyed him sulkily. They bent over the mate, handling him roughly, ignoring his curses. The Negro cook beat on a saucepan, announcing dinner.

ANGEL returned to the girl. He took the pistol from her.

"You should not have done it, Ma'am," he said gently. "You should have left him to me."

"He would have killed you," she answered tonelessly, "or you him. You had no room to aim."

"Ma'am, it is not for a lady to use firearms. To threaten, perhaps. . . ."

She shook her head wearily. "No. I had been planning to do it. It was the only way. He was too strong. And the men. . . . I planned to drive him to open mutiny so that I could. . . ." She swayed, groped for her chair, and sat down suddenly.

To give her time Angel went to the compass to check the course. He spoke to the helmsman, watched the edge of a sail against a cloud, and came back to the girl.

Her hands were pressed to her temples. A little sigh escaped from her, and she asked unsteadily, "What is the next thing to do?"

Angel stood facing her. "I think, Ma'am," he said deliberately, "the next thing is to bury the captain."

She gasped, and her hands dropped to her lap. "You—know!"

He shrugged, and said gravely, "You sent me to the cabin. The presence of death is obvious. In any case, I looked for myself. When did he die?"

"The same night," she whispered. "He did not recover consciousness. I—I dared not tell. He—the mate—would have taken command. And, you see, I had the block."

ANGEL stared aloft at the upper canvas. He was imagining the horror, for the girl, of the captain's death; of her presence alone with him for two nights after that; of her defiance of Bryce while she nursed her secret, knowing that she must eventually meet the mate on the only battleground he knew—that of force. Had Bryce suspected the truth? It seemed more than likely.

He said slowly, "Yes, you had the block. How did you obtain it, Ma'am?"

"I—I am not sure. It was when they brought my husband down. I remember someone saying. . . . Yes, yes, it was Mr. Bryce! I am sure of it now! He flung the block down and cried, *This is what did it!*"

She paused, her eyes wide as she recollected. Then she exclaimed, "But why? Why should he not have destroyed it?"

The second mate shrugged again. "He would not expect you to notice the cut rope. He meant to plant the evidence, Ma'am. He meant you to *think* that the block killed your husband."

She stared at him. "But—it did kill him."

He shook his head. "No Ma'am; and if it had, it would still have been an accident, cut rope or no cut rope." He raised a hand to silence her protest. "Consider the uncertainty of it; the block falling fifty feet in a gale of wind and at a precise time no man could calculate. Why should it strike the captain? Why not me? Why not the mate himself? Why anyone? No Ma'am, that is not the method of murder."

She gripped the sides of her chair. "Mr. Angel, what do you mean?"

He rested a hand lightly on her shoulder. "Ma'am, you are overwrought. This is not pleasant conversation. . . ."

She shook his hand away scornfully. "Tell me. I must know."

He sighed. "Well Ma'am, if you insist. . . . The wound, now, in the captain's head. You dressed it. It was deep, I think, and large. . ."

She shuddered. "It was—terrible."

He nodded. "And the block, Ma'am? Did you notice anything else about it, besides the cut rope?"

"You mean. . . ."

"I mean, Ma'am, that it was unmarked; as clean as the day it was first sent aloft To have caused that wound. . . ."

She breathed, "I—I understand. Then—what. . . ?"

He did not reply. Instead he walked to the break of the poop and called to the Negro cook. "You—Cook, here! Bring that handspike to me."

THE Negro ducked into the galley and reappeared carrying a hardwood spike about two feet long and tapered from a diameter of about four inches at one end to a smooth point at the other. He trotted aft with it, holding it in front of him by the point and staring with a kind of fascination at the other end.

Angel took it from him. "Now, Cook, you will tell the captain's lady how you came to find this."

The Negro wiped his fingers as though to rid them of an infection. His eyes fidgeted and he mumbled his words.

"Sah . . . Ma'am. . . . It was in the gale. I was standing by lee fore brace . . . Cap'n's orders, Ma'am, all hands on deck. A squall come and something carry away aloft. The ship goes right over. I hear shout aft, then see the mate run to rail as though he drop something over. Next minute big sea comes over lee rail and this spike comes washing back inboard—so I grab it and throw it in galley. That is all, Sah, Ma'am, by God's truth. . . ."

Angel silenced him. "Right. Get for'ard again."

He held the spike by the point as the Negro had done and swung the other end for the girl to see. "It is not pleasant, Ma'am. I warned you. That stain, you see. . . ."

SHE closed her eyes and sank back in her chair. He put the spike away under cover of the scuttle and waited; and presently she opened her eyes and murmured, "So it was—murder."

"Yes, Ma'am, it was murder—but not quite as you thought. He arranged for the block to fall to give the appearance of an accident. He waited for it, and when it came he struck your husband down."

"And you knew—all the time?"

"I knew nothing, Ma'am. The cook showed me the spike, and the stain on it. It might have been anything. I could not know till I saw the block, and the nature of the wound."

She closed her eyes again. She murmured, "I—I think I am going to faint."

He touched her arm. "Nothing of the sort, Ma'am," he said briskly. "You are famished; that is all. Come, dinner is on the table. Allow me. . . ."

Then she raised her eyes to his and the ghost of a smile passed between them. "You are very good, Mr. Angel."

He turned sharply and called to a young seaman in the rigging. "Simmonds, come here! Watch the deck. I am going to dinner."

As he took the captain's widow below he assured her, "He is a good boy. I can make him second mate. I shall be first mate—and if you would care to retain the command, Ma'am. . . ?"

END

Jupiter Jones (*Continued rom page 24*)

"You're not *dumb* are you?" said "Jupiter," a look of distaste on his face; ugliness, pain, deformity, everything his money cushioned away from him, he had an instinctive shrinking from.

"No," said the boy and blurted out his brief history.

"So that was your father, eh?" said "Jupiter." "I think you'll be better away from him for a bit. He might take it out of you when my back was turned and we can't risk that, eh? We'll find you a job in the house and you can live in."

HE took him to the back door himself and gave him into the charge of the butler. The boy sensed that he was not looked on with much favour—protégés so seldom are—but he was put on to the cleaning of the boots. There were great numbers of them; a whole floorful each day, but he always fancied he knew those of "Jupiter" Jones himself, broad-toed, forthright, good honest leather, glossily prosperous, shiningly good-natured.

He went home once to collect what little clothes he had and his mother's small store of books. His father stood with his back turned to him and never spoke a word. He left the neighbourhood a few weeks later and Johnnie never saw or heard of him again.

The boy expected that "Jupiter" would soon forget all about him, but he didn't. Occasionally he would wander into the room where Johnnie cleaned the boots, would sit on the bench with his feet swinging and talk to the boy in an easy way that never waited Johnnie's hesitant answers. It may have held something of a pose; many times "Jupiter" had gone to people's aid with his money, but this had been the first time he had rescued anyone physically with nothing but his own strength and righteous anger, and with his eye for a gesture, the recollection thrilled and pleased him so that he must go on playing Big Brother.

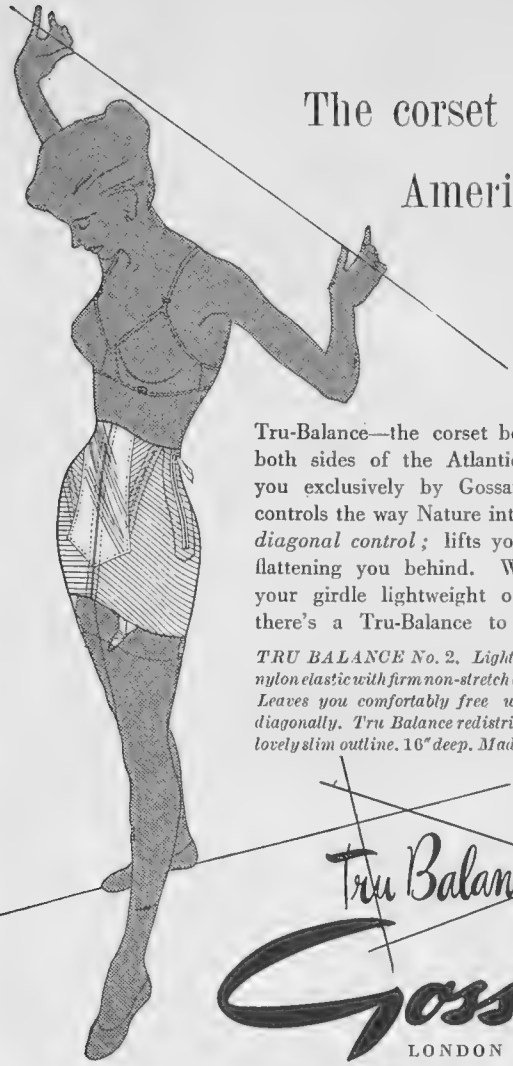
"I think, young Johnnie," he said, half laughingly one day, "I'll have you into the dining-room some nights. We'll find you a job of sorts. Do you know what I want you there for, hey? I'll tell you. You'll be the skeleton at the feast. I don't mean because you're particularly skinny, not now, but in the old days when the kings gave a feast they used a prop a skeleton at the table to remind everybody amongst all the feasting and fun that that was all they were and all they would come to. There I'll be and I'll look up and see you, and for all my wealth, and—" he said laughing and jingling his pockets—"I *am* very rich you know; and for all my good looks, and I am good-looking; and for all my being so liked, and everybody does like me, don't they? You do, don't you——?"

"Yes," said Johnnie.

"For all that," continued "Jupiter," "when I look up and see you I shall say to myself: 'There you are, "Jupiter" Jones, that's you; the real you; deep inside where people can't see; just a frightened, uncertain little boy.'"

He stopped his easy chatter, suddenly grave:

"But how do (*Continued on page 70*)



The corset with the American idea

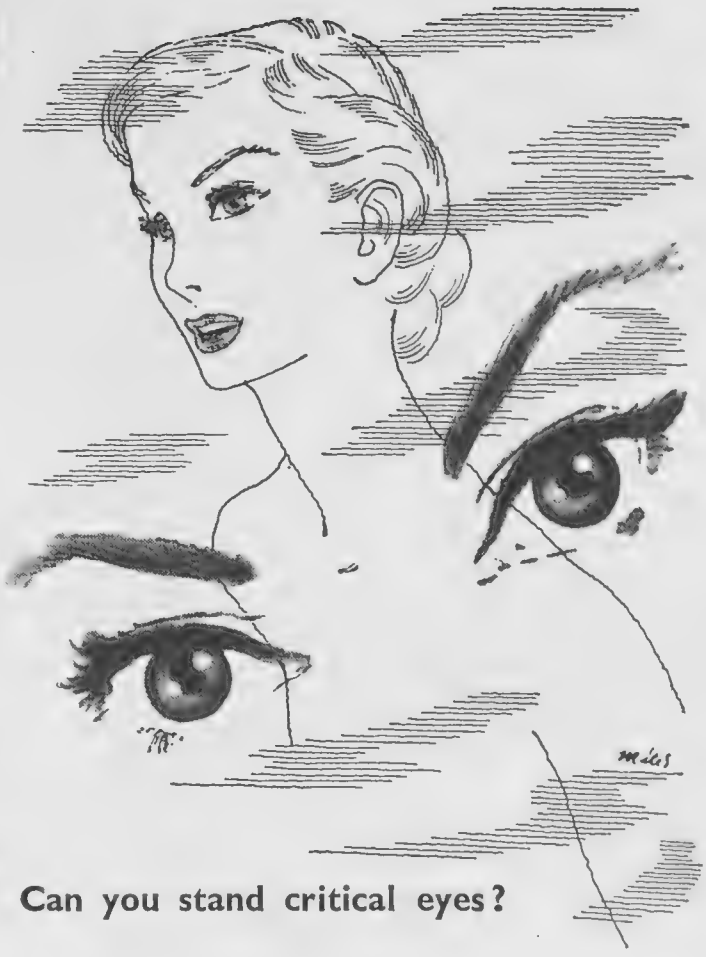
Tru-Balance—the corset beloved of women both sides of the Atlantic—is brought to you exclusively by Gossard. Tru-Balance controls the way Nature intends by *patented diagonal control;* lifts you in front, while flattening you behind. Whether you like your girdle lightweight or a bit heavier, there's a Tru-Balance to fit your needs.

TRU BALANCE No. 2. Lightweight step-in belt in nylon elastic with firm non-stretch back and front panels. Leaves you comfortably free while controlling you diagonally. Tru Balance redistributes the figure into a lovely slim outline. 16" deep. Made in waist sizes 26-40" Price 82/6

Tru Balance

Gossard

LONDON · NEW YORK



Can you stand critical eyes?

Not unless you realise the important truth that make-up alone is not enough. Never be slack about removing grime and make-up with soap and water, afterwards using Yardley Dry Skin Cleansing Cream and Toning Lotion. If your skin is greasy, substitute Yardley Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Astringent Lotion. Once or twice a week, condition your face and neck with Yardley Night Cream. Its bland richness helps so much to keep your skin clear and lovely.

YARDLEY

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

If you have children and a home to look after . . .

A full family wash completed in a fraction of the time without any of the usual drudgery. Your hands never in water—no lifting or stooping—no wringing or mangling. Running costs less than ¼d per wash . . . and if you have the dishwashing attachment, Thor does the washing-up as well!

IT'S TIME *YOU* HAD A

Thor

AUTOMAGIC WASHING MACHINE

WRITE FOR **FREE** BROCHURE TO: DEPT. BR.1
THOR APPLIANCES LTD., 64/66, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W 1

An all-the-year-round Gift!

Subscription rates for 12 mths. Inland and Abroad. £1 7s. 0d. Canada: £1 5s. 6d.

Here is a lasting expression of friendship . . . to a friend or relative, for a birthday or anniversary . . . a subscription to BRITANNIA AND EVE for every month of the year. A card will be sent with the first issue giving your name as donor—what could be simpler? Just write to The Publisher, enclosing your remittance — he does the rest!

The Publisher, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2

I know," he said, in a musing voice, "that you are a small, frightened, ugly little boy inside. You might be something entirely different. Like me for instance. I mean like I ought to be." He hit the back of one of Johnnie's brushes against the table.

"I talk to you, Johnnie," he said, "because I've got to come and talk to someone sometimes, and it's dangerous when you feel like that. You've got to find someone who can't talk and wouldn't be listened to or believed if they did. You remember—but of course you wouldn't—there was someone, in the Bible I fancy, who went and whispered things to the reeds. She had to talk so she talked to things that couldn't understand and couldn't repeat what she said. Johnnie, you're my reed. I appoint you official reed from now on. How do you do, Mister Reed. Shake hands."

Under the boy's grave glance "Jupiter" Jones's mood changed again.

"I wonder if you understand more than I think?" he said, accusingly. "But I trust you, Johnnie, remember that always."

They took Johnnie out of his boot cupboard. He ran messages, did odd chores for "Jupiter." He was too eager, made the mistakes of the over-zealous. Going back to "Jupiter's" room one day, he heard the valet's voice. The man was saying in an injured voice:

"I suppose the boy must have put them there, sir. Really, I don't know. You'd have thought his own sense would have told him. A bunch of common hedge flowers like that and right on your own table, too. I'll throw them out immediately, sir, and warm his ear for him."

"Leave them," said "Jupiter," "I see it, now. It was kindly meant and I won't have them thrown out."

"But, sir——"

"Never stop a kindly act in another," said "Jupiter," "it's next thing to doing a bad deed yourself. All these other flowers now, whose are they? Mine. I pay for them, I pay for the gardeners, the greenhouses, everything. But these flowers were his, gathered by him, and he gave them to me. That's generous. Leave them."

LATER that evening, as he stood before his mirror, handsome and commanding in his stiff white shirt and tails, "Jupiter," taking his carnation from the waiting Johnnie, smiled at him through the glass.

"I liked your flowers, Johnnie," he said, nodding. "It's nice to be given things sometimes. You know"—he went on, more to his reflection than the boy—"not many people give me things. You might say they give me service, friendship, flattery. Pah, that's not given, I pay for it, and know its value. Even women—" he paused. "Most of all women," he said with a sigh, and then straightening his shoulders went like an actor called to play his part.

A few nights later there was to be the grandest ball of them all, for it was to be in the nature of a farewell as he was to return to London. Business was always pressing upon him and he would be busy at all hours with his secretaries.

Johnnie had stolen round to the terrace to get a glimpse of the company through the terrace windows. By two and by two they revolved like clockwork figures; when the music stopped they stopped; presently somebody wound them up again and off they went.

Tiring, he went down the drive to the gates and wandered along the lane. In the evening twilight the little things of the hedges were scuttling and rustling about, eager to be home. They seemed so much freer than those circling couples behind the great glass windows. He gathered a bunch of flowers.

He came slowly up the drive and cut off towards the side of the house. There was an arbour set at the end of the terrace with a fine view over the countryside and the setting sun struck right into it. He saw "Jupiter" Jones sitting at the table in it alone and instinctively Johnnie drifted towards him. "Jupiter" had a bottle on the table and a glass in his hands and he was, unusually for him, flushed with drink. He had a book on the table before him and it was open. When Johnnie was quite close, "Jupiter" seemed to come to some decision, filled his glass from the last of the bottle, dived his hand in his pocket, brought out a little paper package and poured a powder into the liquid. Johnnie thought at first it was a headache powder.

"Jupiter" Jones rose to his feet, swaying a little, lifted his glass and threw back his head. Into the eye of the setting sun he looked and there was challenge in his bearing and in the lift of his handsome head.

JOHNNIE walked round the corner of the summer house. Jones gave an exclamation and put the glass down, and his hand trembled.

"What do you want?" he said, more harshly than Johnnie had heard him speak before.

Mutely Johnnie brought out his bunch of flowers, put them on the table before him. In doing so he knocked over the glass. Its contents spattered on to the stone floor.

For a moment there was silence except for that splashing out of the liquid.

"You——" began "Jupiter" in a terrible voice. For a moment Johnnie thought "Jupiter" was going to strike him but he did not flinch.

"Well," said Jones, eventually, with a shaky laugh, "you're a queer messenger of Fate."

He looked again at the drops still falling from the table edge.

"Never mind," he said to himself, "I still have this," He closed his right hand over the fingers of his left and so they stood in silence for many minutes.

"You're not a skeleton," said "Jupiter" in a breathless voice. "You're a judge—a damned judge."

He turned away.

"Johnnie," he said finally in a queer, far-away voice. "Come here." He stretched out his left hand. "See that ring? Pull it off."

Johnnie obeyed. It was a ring "Jupiter" always wore, a heavily wrought silver circle of great age with a large blood-red stone. The flesh had grown around it and it came off with difficulty.

"Throw it away," commanded "Jupiter." "Now. Somewhere, where I shall not find it. Wait, I'll turn my back so that I shan't even see the direction. There."

Johnnie flung it out over the darkening shrubbery. The setting sun struck one deep red sullen ray from it as it fell.

"Jupiter," turned, his face white and tired.

"At one time," he said, "that was the only friend I had to rely on in the end. Now I haven't even that." He laughed mirthlessly and his eye fell on the book.

"And this was to be my epitaph," he said to himself, picking the book up and looking at a marked passage. Johnnie saw it was an edition of Shakespeare. "Such a fine gesture to spoil," mourned "Jupiter," "still it shan't be lost altogether. I'll read it to you, Johnnie."

And in his rich, deep voice with a wealth of sweeping gesture, he declaimed:

"Nay then, farewell.
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening
And no man see me more. . . ."

He clapped the book shut.

"And now I've spoilt my curtain," he said, ruefully, "or you have—or Fate has. I don't know which. There's nothing more to be said. I'm going in. Good night, Johnnie."

He turned along the lighted terrace where the shadows of the windows fell like great bars.

"Johnnie," he called softly. "If you find that ring you can have it. It's worth a great deal. In fact every penny I have."

"He's forgotten the flowers," thought Johnnie looking down at them.

"JUPITER" left next day. As his carriage went down the drive he stood up in it and looked back at his great house and smiled. They remembered that afterwards and wondered why anyone who had so little cause to smile should have found one then.

For everything suddenly came to an end. One moment "Jupiter" Jones was great and respected; the next, as it were, he had fled oversea and all his great enterprises and schemes were collapsing and vanishing.

What amazed Johnnie was the bitterness of everybody towards "Jupiter." The parson, the schoolmaster, all the servants at the house, everybody who had had nothing but kindness at his hands, now bayed after him like a pack of hounds. When "Jupiter" escaped into safety where it was known he had money put by for his needs, their venom knew no bounds. Johnnie left the house and went back to the gardens. He never worked in the houses of men again.

There it might have ended, except that Johnnie thought of "Jupiter" all the time, but after a year or so "Jupiter" Jones suddenly came out of the country where he was safe, went to a port and aboard an English vessel and gave himself up. He was brought back, put on trial, and sent to fourteen years imprisonment.

Johnnie could not bear the walls of his own cottage about him that night. He went and walked under the skies and thought of "Jupiter" looking up at them through the bars of his cage.

THE following day was market day and passing through the square Johnnie came across a fellow with cages of captive wild birds, a horror which flourished in those days. Johnnie had but a few coppers but he bought one of the cages from the man, took it into the field, and let the frightened little mite go. He thought of "Jupiter" Jones as he did and wished he knew.

Every week after that, all the while "Jupiter" was in jail, Johnnie bought a bird each week and set it free. People laughed at him for it, but in some way it felt he was helping "Jupiter."

A GREAT many years went by. Johnnie still worked in the garden at the house, although the house, stripped of most of its furniture, was not lived in. People paid to go over it and referred to it with a sneer as "'Jupiter' Jones's Folly."

Johnnie did not know whether "Jupiter" lived or died and could never bring himself to ask anyone. Somehow he didn't think he was dead and sure enough one April day when Johnnie was sitting down to his bit of bread and cheese beneath the bank of the terrace, "Jupiter" came along, not on the terrace itself, firm-footed and confident as of old, but shambling along in the shadow, his flesh hanging upon him, his head grey and bent where they had beaten him down.

"Why—why, Johnnie," he said, when he came close and then he dropped down, put his hands to his face and cried. Johnnie sat in front of him where no one might see him from the windows and kept his own face turned away

"So — so tired," "Jupiter" managed. "Come a long way. Hungry. . . ."

Johnnie pushed his lunch packet over to him and he ate it every bit.

"Why, Johnnie," he said. "I didn't come all this way to eat your dinner."

"I can do without," said Johnnie.

"And I never could," said "Jupiter." "Never did without anything; that was me; "Jupiter" Jones. I've gone without these past years, though; but there's a difference between having to go without and being willing to go without. But it wasn't all for myself in the old days, you know that, Johnnie, don't you?"

"Yes," said Johnnie, and it comforted him.

"I don't suppose you know," said "Jupiter" presently, "but it was you that brought me out of hiding. I could have stayed there safe, but I kept thinking of you so in the end I came back. I wonder why. It didn't do any good, all those wasted years. I might have done something with them, something worth while, and yet—I came back. I think it was because you always believed in me so. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes," said (*Continued on page 72*)

Breakfast is better with

CHUNKY MARMALADE

And

Christmas is better with

St. Martin MINCEMEAT

These are two of the many fine products of St. Martin Preserving Co., Ltd.

MAIDENHEAD • ELY • NEWCASTLE • HORSTED KEYNES • BALLYMONEY

Why pay more?

CHEF 1/3

TOMATO KETCHUP

More appetite for life

If we want to live well, in fact really to enjoy the things we like and to add new charm and energy to our daily lives, then we shall do better to choose our food with care and understanding.

Hovis *does* contain the heart of the wheat—and that's good. Good enough to give you more appetite for life . . .

and thank Hovis for that

FOR **Acid Indigestion**

***SO QUICK** to relieve acidity*

. . . easing stomach upsets and restoring calm, natural digestion.

***SO PLEASANT** to taste*

. . . their mild mint flavour appeals to everyone; chew them just like a sweet.

***SO HANDY** for pocket or bag*

. . . nothing bulky to carry; ready at hand, whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS (REGD.)

30 Tablets 1/5 • 75 Tablets 2/10 • 150 Tablets 4/11

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

Johnnie for he had, but not in the way "Jupiter" meant.

"I had to come and find you out now," said "Jupiter," "I don't know why. I don't suppose it's even safe here; too many one-time friends."

"You can come and live in my cottage," said Johnnie and "Jupiter" looked scared, but presently he followed Johnnie home like a tired-and purposeless dog.

THERE was a great outcry at first, but it died down. At first "Jupiter" was full of great schemes to lift himself up again. Like Falstaff he thought he "would be sent for—soon," but no one wants the charred timber of a burnt-out torch.

He joined Johnnie in the fields when he went out on Sunday to release his birds.

"You like setting things free, don't you, Johnnie?" he said, wistfully.

"Yes," said Johnnie, watching the bird where it flew into the sky.

After a while "Jupiter" didn't go abroad much, but sat about the house and garden. Johnnie gained much wisdom from him; some men are like flowers and give off their finest odours when they are bruised and wounded. Johnnie went to him one night where he sat dozing in the porch.

"I was working in the shrubbery to-day," said Johnnie, "and I came across this."

"Jupiter" looked.

"The Borgia ring," he said, and took it from Johnnie. It slipped over his shrivelled finger and fell off again. "I counted so much on this at one time," he said, "and then threw it away all in a moment, or you did. See, there's a trick in it. When you press on the stone—so—this little point comes out and pricks the finger; the stone is hollow." He prized it open. There was a small quantity of powder still inside. "It was very deadly," he said and emptied it on the ground. "I always thought that at the last I would have this exit, just as Whitaker Wright had his cigar, but I never used it; shut the door with my own hands. Why?"

He looked at the blood-red heart of the thing.

"Johnnie," he said, slowly. "You'll never know how I've loved you. That's a silly word between men, isn't it, but there isn't any other. I've known some pretty fine women in my time but this isn't anything a man ever feels for a woman. It's something deeper. In some way or other you're me and I'm you, just as good and evil are one and you can't have the one without the other. There is no me without you."

"Here," he said, throwing Johnnie the ring. "Take it. It's yours. Sell it, it's valuable, as I told you."

JOHNNIE took the ring to a jeweller in town and eventually it found its way to London and was sold for a great sum of money.

Johnnie took it home and gave it to "Jupiter."

"It's yours," said "Jupiter" and thrust it over the table.

Johnnie pushed it back again without a word.

"I can never give you anything, can I?" said "Jupiter," and smiled as of old. "All right, I shall buy something with it that will shock you; something grand and extravagant and above all useless; one last final gesture. Will you take the money now?"

Johnnie shook his head smilingly.

"You know," said "Jupiter," half jestingly. "I've never seen loveliness that could compare with your ugliness when you smile."

He was busy with his schemes to waste the money; finally he hit on it.

"A whacking great tomb for me," he said. "That's it. I'll have the finest tomb in the county just as I had the finest house. A mausoleum, no less, all angels blowing trumpets and whacking away at harps, and empty chairs, and broken columns, and chariots carrying me off to the skies. Hang it, I was once "Jupiter" Jones and I'm damned if I won't go off in triumph."

IN due course "Jupiter" died; quite suddenly and uneventfully; no final gesture this time, just a quiet dropping of his head in the porch one night. Johnnie did his behest. There was a lot of opposition at first, but he had enough money to quieten it and someone pointed out the number of tourists it would bring to the village—as it still does.

So a whacking great mausoleum it was, just as "Jupiter" had described it and people put it down to Johnnie's ignorance and he never saw it towering over all the other humble graves without hearing "Jupiter's" laugh and seeing him stride triumphantly on.

It was the words on the monument that gave Johnnie most bother. They suggested any amount of the conventional lines to him, but they did not seem to suit "Jupiter." In a way it tied "Jupiter" up in his mind with his own mother; she had always loved fine words so much herself. He felt he had to do justice to them both. Eventually he hit on another speech of Wolsey's, just after the one "Jupiter" had selected for his own epitaph. It runs:

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

The mason reading it, protested:

"'Jupiter' Jones never served no king, Johnnie," he objected.

Johnnie had meant the parson, the squire, the schoolmaster, the servants, the great gentlemen and ladies, all who had fawned and battened on "Jupiter" Jones in his days of prosperity; all of whom he had indeed "serv'd with zeal."

But it all took too much explaining, so finally, at Johnnie's instructions they put:

Edward Farndon ("Jupiter") Jones.
Born 5th April, 1856.
Died 9th Sept., 1910.

and underneath the words:

"The Rest is Silence."

Which in a way seems to sum up Johnnie, too.

END

The Genius And The Woman

(*Continued from page 22*)

librarian took her up and tried to suggest the subject for her next book, merely amused her. Her subject was the life and the people she knew intimately, and her genius consisted in distilling from that potentially dull, prosaic subject all the witty perfection that went into her books.

Some think it remarkable that though she lived through the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars (she was born in 1775 and died in 1817) she never mentioned any of these world-shaking events in her books. But she wasn't writing that sort of book. She had no axe to grind. And anyhow those events did not shake the heart of the Hampshire countryside so very much.

ON hearing *Pride And Prejudice* read aloud she commented: "The work is rather too light and bright and sparkling; it wants shade, it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn, specious nonsense, about something unconnected with the story, an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Buonaparte, or something that would form a contrast and bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammaticism of the general style." Thank goodness the chapter of sense could not be had, nor the history of Buonaparte, which would indeed be specious nonsense in such a setting, and quite unconnected with the story of country life and matchmaking and feminine hopes and fears. A kindly understanding of ordinary people, with everyday feelings, lit up by playfulness, epigrammaticism and great wit, are Jane's strong points and, mercifully, she knew it.

Sir Walter Scott wrote in his *Journal* in 1826, after reading *Pride And Prejudice* for the third time, that Jane Austen "had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me." The Big Bow-Wow strain certainly would not go well on a "little bit of ivory two inches wide" and brushwork "so fine as to produce little effect after much labour" would look niggly, fussy and ludicrous on a large canvas.

"If I am a kind of wild beast, I cannot help it. It is not my own fault," wrote Jane. If I tried to lionize her, with highbrow comments on her Art and Significance, Jane would, if she could hear, bundle me in with a quiet chuckle with Mr. Clarke, the Prince Regent's librarian, or possibly make a Mr. Collins-ish caricature of me in her next book. So if I say that she was the sort of person I like best, I think that is the sort of praise she would most enjoy.

END

Save On Sugar

(*Continued from page 66*)

Now here are two sweets for the children (perhaps the grown-ups, too) which do not use sugar. The first is *Fruit Slices*. Pick over a pound of dates, removing hard caps and any loose stones. Blanch an ounce and a half of shelled nuts and pass both dates and nuts through the mincer. Add a small level teaspoonful of ground mixed spice, a teaspoonful of finely grated lemon rind and one teaspoonful of lemon juice and mix thoroughly. Spread sheets of rice paper, rough side upwards, on a flat, straight-sided, rectangular tin and press the date mixture on to it in a layer a quarter of an inch thick. Cover the top with another layer of rice paper (rough side towards the fruit) and turn the whole sandwich on to a flat board. With a rolling-pin, roll gently to make the sandwich of even thickness and leave for half an hour or so. Then with a sharp knife cut the sweets into squares, oblongs or fancy shapes.

Date and Chocolate balls is another sugarless sweet recipe. Pick over half a pound of dates and mince or chop finely. Rub two ounces of plain cake through a wire sieve and mix with the date, together with a finely grated rind of half an orange, one small teaspoonful dry cocoa and a few drops of vanilla essence. Warm a dessertspoonful of seedless jam, take from the heat and mix into the date mixture. Roll into balls about the size of a marble and coat with chocolate vermicelli.

This season provides plenty of fruit at a low cost, but, alas, without sweetness they are of little use for cooking. Pulping or bottling without sugar is one answer. But here is a good idea for a fruit fool which can be used for a variety (*Continued on page 74*)

There is no finer knitwear than this anywhere in the world, and you may have difficulty finding it. But Barrie treasures in pure Cashmere, Lambswool and Shetland can be found in the better stores and shops.

Barrie KNITWEAR

BARRIE & KERSEL LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

DRY FLY SHERRY

Good fare can be appreciated more after a glass of DRY FLY SHERRY. It is the best appetizer at cocktail time.

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

From your Wine Merchant or: Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd.
By Appointment Wine and Spirit Merchants to the late King George VI

I love

MARIE BRIZARD

APRY

the liqueur of the ***Apricot***

★ *Available from Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.*

Sole Distributors: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

By Appointment Biscuit Manufacturers to the late King George VI. McVitie & Price Ltd.

MACVITA

Britain's Finest Crispbread

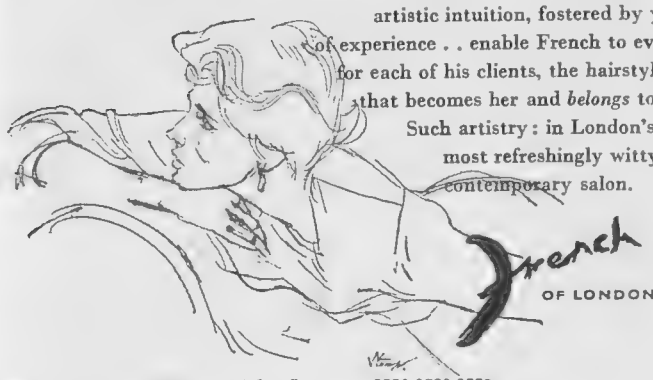
is the result of two things. First, MACVITA is made by McVitie & Price with all that means in terms of quality. Second, MACVITA is

made from Britain's finest wheat.

From there it derives all its nourishment and goodness. Eat it always, at breakfast and tea and at any other time.

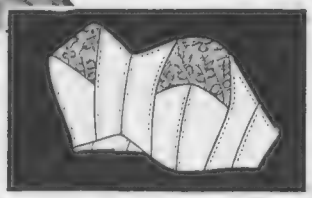
MADE ONLY BY
McVITIE & PRICE LTD.
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Simple? That 'calculated disorder which marks hair-by-French? Only discreet summing-up of individual personality, rare deftness, artistic intuition, fostered by years of experience . . enable French to evolve, for each of his clients, the hairstyle that becomes her and *belongs* to her. Such artistry: in London's most refreshingly witty and contemporary salon.

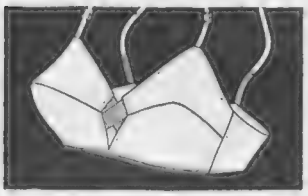


French OF LONDON

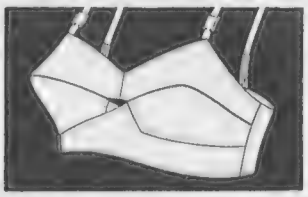
4 Curzon Place, Park Lane, W.1. Grosvenor 3770-3778-3779



Kempat FAYRE-FORM The NEW Perfect Strapless Control for evening wear which gives the same beauty of uplift and freedom for which all K brassieres are famous.



KEMEGA The Patented Diagonal Control gives a beauty of uplift and freedom of movement in a degree hitherto unknown.



KEMPLAS The Patented Pivoted Control allows the brassiere to expand and contract with every body movement.

insist on Kempat K

of recipes. You can use any sharp soft fruit such as plums, damsons or apples, fresh or bottled. Sieve the fresh fruit with very little water or strain and sieve the bottled fruit. To the purée add condensed milk at the rate of 4 or 5 tablespoonfuls (according to taste) to each half pint of the purée and whip thoroughly.

This purée can be served as a sweet in itself, as the basis for a trifle, as a pie filling or to pour over ice cream as a Melba sauce. Here are two ideas for pie fillings.

For *Viennese Appeltorte*, you will need 4 oz. short crust pastry to line a deep pie plate. Cut stripes ⅛ in. thick to make a lattice work decoration from the pastry left over. Add 1 level teaspoonful of mixed spice and 1–2 oz. of currants or sultanas and a few chopped nuts to the purée, mix well and pour into the pastry case. Decorate with lattice strips and brush over the top with 1 dessertspoonful of condensed milk thinned with a few drops of fresh milk. Bake in a moderate oven for 30–35 minutes, re-brushing with the milk cream after 10 minutes and once again during the baking.

For *Apple Creams*, make a fool of half pint of fruit purée and half pint of evaporated milk. Make a pint lemon jelly, using scant measure of liquid for firmness, and line 6 or 8 dariole moulds with it, with a cherry and angelica for decoration. Put the remaining jelly aside and when set, sprinkle with cold water and chop finely. Mix together 2 oz. honey, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, the apple fool and colour a delicate pink with cochineal. Stir in ¾ oz. of gelatine dissolved in a little warm water and whisk the mixture well. Pour into the moulds and chill. Turn out and serve, decorated with the chopped jelly.

END

Five Million Ears To Please

(*Continued from page* 15)

immediate friendly intimacy. Mabel Constanduros has the same quality. So also has Doctor Maud Royden, who cloaks the wisdom of her "uplift" talks in warm humanity. All three are well attuned to audiences, but it is not professional skill so much as sincerity which ensures their success, and the ability to talk to a vast audience as though each one of them were the only listener.

The crux of the *Woman's Hour* success is in its ability to interest so many people in so many different circumstances. From the busy woman who listens as she irons the weekly wash; the leisured lady who tunes in as she takes her after-lunch coffee; the irregular listeners, business women, perhaps kept at home with the 'flu; even to the men—mostly nightworkers according to research—who find something to interest, amuse and, of course, to criticize in that crowded hour.

In actual fact, there is a growing demand from business and professional women who are unable to listen in on weekday afternoons, for a programme of their own in the evenings, or for a selection of items from the previous week's *Woman's Hour* to be repeated at the week-end. Something of the kind may come about, but meantime the *Woman's Hour* programmes are produced for the woman at home who, in the present social conditions, are apt to be very much tied to the house and to have a far greater need of outside stimulus than the woman who goes out to work.

Having defined its audience as the woman at home, *Woman's Hour* programme planners then have to take into account the great variation in age, income and education amongst their listeners. It is clear from the correspondence that women of every age listen, from the young housewife new to domestic ties, to the older women, including grandmothers, who are free to take up outside interests once again, and also a very considerable number of invalids. While there are many subjects of universal interest to all women, there is always the danger that listeners who write to the B.B.C. will get more than their share of the programme. The listener who has no money to waste on anything but the necessities of life and no time to waste on listening to what may seem to her to be trivialities, does not write letters unless she is specially pleased with a programme—or unless she is exasperated! Her programme requests have to be planned by inspired guesses.

Think, when you tune in at two o'clock again to that smooth-sounding broadcast, what it means to a lot of people behind the scenes to keep five million people faithful from Monday to Friday nearly every week of the year.

END

Grandmother's Tapes And Cords

(*Continued from page* 12)

The extra ones each side baffled me at first until I discovered they were for tying together at the back to hold the tied-up draperies away from the flat-fronted effect, like the pair on the underskirt. And so we solve the question of how draperies were kept fresh and uncreased. Each time its wearer took off her dress, every tape was untied and the gown laid flat in its drawer. There are no loops in it for hanging in a cupboard.

THE exquisite dress of chalk-grey moiré silk (Fig. 4) made in 1860 is a masterpiece of ingenuity: Perfect in line and cut, it must be worn over a crinoline supported by a hip-pad and two or three wide petticoats to get the correct effect. It is slightly high-waisted and very tight below the bust and at waistline. The neck is cut square at the front and fastens from the centre front to the belt with hooks and eyelet holes and the whole of the gown is hand sewn. The neck, cuff tabs, waistband tabs and epaulettes are edged with cut crystal beads and "bobbles" of grey cord plaited over wooden moulds to form a fringe. The silk is so thick and heavy that it can truly be described as "standing by itself"—a term too often used but so rarely deserved.

A few days after I had bought this dress as an example of supreme Victorian elegance, I asked Anne to try it on and while getting a grip on the front of the bodice to fasten a twentieth-century girl into a nineteenth-century waistband, I found two small brass split-rings; one each side of the belt. "What on earth were these used for?" (I could just get the tip of my little finger through a ring.) Anne gave one of them a little tug and three silk cords appeared through a buttonholed slot! She then pulled both rings with the charming result you can see in Fig. 4.

To appreciate the "mechanics" of this dress one must turn it inside out. All six seams of the skirt have small brass split-rings sewn at eight-inch intervals through which run the fine silk cords from the top of the stiffened hem to the little rings appearing at the front of the waist (under the belt, to which are attached the three back tabs).

It is "rigged" like the sails of a yacht and just as workmanlike and neat!

This dress would not ordinarily be worn with the drapery tied up. Its wearer would pull the cords and tie them in front if she wished to walk in the garden or play a strenuous game of croquet—untying them again as soon as her skirts were away from damp grass or dirty path and so, sail into her drawing-room with an immaculate hem.

END

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

IMPORTANT BEAUTY EVENT—

Remoldine

IS HERE!

The most effective beauty preparation *yet made* to help you to look younger and lovelier

See what this exclusive blend of astringents and rich emollients *does*:—

1 Counteracts puffiness on the jaws and under the eyes

2 Smooths away crepy neck lines, nose-to-mouth lines and forehead lines

3 Helps to protect skin against irritations caused by bacteria

4 Works night and day because it is *vanishing*. Can be left on all night, and all day under make-up

5 Gives your skin a sparkling, youthful tone (Estrogenic hormones further help reduce lines and wrinkles*)

* *Available with or without hormones.*

Trust

Dorothy Gray

From your best local Perfumery Departments and Cosmetic Counters

Individual make-up and salon treatments at:—
32 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
And in Paris and New York.

Costs And Customers

(*Continued from page* 39)

as it crossed the counter. It was transformed into approximately thirteen shillings. That same thirteen shillings has in the past eight months whittled itself down to about twelve. I must say this goes a long way towards explaining the remarkable thinness of our purses these days. It's the fault of all those twelve shillingses masquerading as pounds.

I am sorry to say there seems very little likelihood of this dwindling process being curbed. As far as food prices are concerned, there are very few words of hope and comfort to be found. The price increases in bread, flour, meat and tea have already taken effect. The remaining increases in the cost of subsidized foods should arrive just about the time we start planning for Christmas. Of course, the Government hopes the increases will be counterbalanced by the increase in family allowances and the decrease in taxation. But families with two or more children, earning around eight pounds a week, don't pay taxes anyway, and there are quite a large number of people in this category.

Also predicted is an increase in fares. Of course, you can always walk to work or buy a bicycle. This is not a solution I greet with enthusiasm. Although this is not the kind of admission to make to a nation of cycling enthusiasts, I can ride a bike, but I cannot turn round without falling off.

With winter approaching, next on the list is the question of keeping warm. Well, electric fires will become more of a luxury, as the cost of electricity is due to go up. Coal prices are not likely to rise which is encouraging.

I have not been able to get hold of any figures on rents and rates as neither are included in the Cost of Living Index. It seems that about three-quarters of our rents have remained fairly stable, as they are covered by the Rent Restrictions Act. But I feel that the sad plight of the other quarter of the population deserves mention. People in unrestricted furnished flats find that rent eats thirty to fifty per cent of their income.

As far as other things are concerned—those items quaintly described in the Government bulletin as non-food goods—the prospects are a little better. Clothes, shoes, furniture and other household necessities are not likely to show much increase in price. It is even whispered that some items may come down.

HOWEVER, this encouraging picture does need a bit of qualifying. As I mentioned earlier, I was curious about the reason for the recent reductions and sales. In fact, one becomes so conditioned to prices going up, that one becomes positively suspicious of a change in the other direction! So armed with a little information and a lot of questions, I visited several buyers in one of London's largest department stores.

Well, buyers are not too willing to enter into frank discussion of the problems and crises of their little world. However, the general picture which emerged was something like this. The Korean war pushed prices up and many shop owners began what was described to me as "panic buying," stocking up before prices went any higher. They overestimated their needs, particularly because people didn't have much money to spend and were waiting for prices to come down. Eventually the cost of raw materials began to fall. The only way shopkeepers could unload their old stock was by reducing prices. Thus began the sales.

But the Wholesale Textile Association says firmly that we must not expect this happy state of affairs to last. The new winter stock will be at what they call "more normal price levels," i.e. closer to pre-sale costs.

This, then, is the general picture. The question of just how high the cost of living can go before we reach the point that it costs too much to live, is one that even our economists are not willing to answer. In the meantime, the problem of the vanishing pound will remain a favourite topic of conversation as we gather (we hope!) around our cosy winter fires.

END

FOR KINDEST AND BEST BEAUTY CARE

trust

DOROTHY GRAY

1 CLEANSE with
Dry Skin Cleanser for dry skin, Salon Cold Cream for normal skin, Liquefying Cleansing Cream for oily skin.

2 STIMULATE with
Orange Flower Skin Lotion for dry or normal skin, Texture Lotion for oily skin.

3 NOURISH with
Special Dry Skin Mixture for dry or normal skin, Suppling Cream for oily skin.

WRITE FOR HELPFUL BEAUTY BOOKLET

Dorothy Gray

From your best local Perfumery Departments and Cosmetic Counters

Individual make-up and salon treatments at:—
32 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
And in Paris and New York.

"Hasn't she ever heard of ODO·RO·NO?"

The way some people talk . . . and just as well, too !

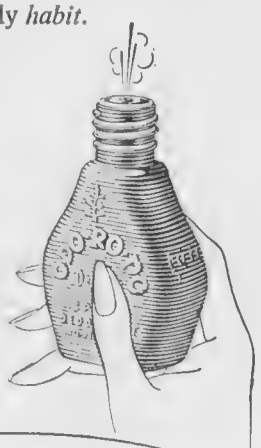
Everyone perspires—every man and woman—every day of the year. There are no exceptions. No, not even you.

Perspiration evaporates quickly from most of the body, but not from under the arms. So it goes stale. It soils and spoils your clothes. It leaves that tell-tale odour you, yourself, may not notice, but others certainly will.

A daily bath isn't enough. Talcum powder isn't enough. Perfume isn't enough. Only an effective deodorant *and* anti-perspirant like Odo-Ro-No gives you complete under-arm protection—not for seconds, not for minutes, but for the full 24 hours.

Make Odo-Ro-No your nicest daily *habit.*

- Checks perspiration safely.
- Stops odour instantly.
- No waiting—just wipe away any surplus.
- Never irritates normal skin.
- Will not rot fabrics.
- Plastic squeeze bottle.



DE LUXE SPRAY: 3/11
New quick-drying formula

CREAM 1/6 and 2/6
Most cream for your money

Use **ODO·RO·NO** daily and be sure of yourself

Smoke Palls Over Britain

(*Continued from page* 16)

Institute of Industrial Research, Pittsburgh, has made this straight-from-the-shoulder accusation against smoke and its menace to health : "More people are devitalized, disabled and poisoned by the impurities contained in smoke-polluted air, than by the noxious ingredients in food and water." Oh yes, the U.S. suffers as much, if not more, from the bogey of smoke, than London or Glasgow. A few weeks ago a couple of their "smog" research scientists went back to the States with a few tins in their luggage, the contents of which no doubt puzzled customs officials—the tins contained samples of a London "pea-souper" for American scientists to analyse and compare with their own particular "brands."

WHAT of smoke and the housewife? Here is just one angle. It was ascertained that the weekly household wash in Manchester—for small houses—took on the average one hour longer than at Harrogate. The sum total of time thus lost to housewives of Manchester worked out at more than five million hours, or 668 years ! The inquiry also showed that the Manchester wash cost 7½d. per week per household more than at Harrogate, representing a sum of £1 12s. 6d. annually per home, or £183,000 collectively. Those figures, mark you, refer only to houses of 11s. weekly rent or under. If houses of higher rents were included the excess cost was estimated by a firm of chartered accountants to be in the region of a quarter of a million pounds !

A SMOKE-POLLUTED atmosphere launches a double-barrelled attack on crops and plant life generally. Firstly, it poisons the soil, and secondly the sooty deposits which form on the leaves prevent the plant from converting air and light into the food it needs. Any hope of establishing a National Collection of Conifers at Kew had to be abandoned owing to the damaging effect of sooty depositions. Fortunately the Forestry Commission made available an area of land near Tunbridge Wells where the trees will be comparatively free from the effects of London smoke.

The damage even to indoor plants at Kew is evident when smoke fog prevails. On one occasion practically all orchid flowers and buds fell in less than a day, whilst the leaves of begonias and other plants fell away in alarming numbers. Incidentally, after a fog the glass-washing necessary at Kew costs in the region of £100.

Potato farmers around industrial areas have found that their crops expend so much energy on fighting the smoke-polluted atmosphere that when sprayed with fungicide they just can't take it and the tubers make no more growth.

What of smoke as a destroyer of property? Sir Frank Baines, late of the Office of Works, estimated that the deterioration of stone buildings over a period of twenty-five years has cost the nation well over £60 million. Attacks on the stonework of the Houses of Parliament alone has cost the taxpayer at least a million pounds. So powerful and penetrating is the action of deposits that pieces of stone up to two tons in weight have been loosened. During one survey of the fabric, no less than thirty-five tons of stone were picked off by hand !

Smoke has scant respect for works of art, either. The beautiful ceilings of Verrio and Thornhill at Hampton Court and Greenwich Hospital have been seriously harmed by smoke-tainted atmosphere; so too have the early wall paintings of the English primitives in the Chapter House at Westminster Abbey. Paris has its troubles, too. A member of their municipal committee on smoke abatement has stated that in another century Notre Dame Cathedral, the sculptures of which are one of the marvels of art of the Middle Ages, will be completely denuded of decoration because of the devastating effects of smoke. Much of the beautiful carving on one façade of the cathedral already has been badly eaten away by the corrosive action of smoke-laden incrustations.

America's bill for art has been as high as 250 million dollars in one year—one-third of which was expended on the purchase of old masters. Despite every possible precaution, definite depreciation of many of these irreplaceable masterpieces is becoming evident—and the culprit is known to be New York "smog."

NO part of Britain can be said to be entirely free of a smoke-polluted atmosphere. The prevailing winds bring the smoke pall from the north and midlands down over the southern counties. Similarly, our most northern English counties suffer from the smoke of industrial Scotland. London smoke haze drifts over the Channel to France and, believe it or not, we in Britain actually "import" smoke haze from the industrial districts of Germany !

What shall we do to be saved? Ever since its formation in 1929, the National Smoke Abatement Society has been working for the day when the whole country shall be one unified smokeless zone. It has advocated greater use of smokeless fuels, the installation of grates and furnaces having higher combustion performances. It has also pressed for the status of stokers to be raised and facilities made available for educating them in modern methods and appliances which contribute to smoke abatement. The greater the membership of the N.S.A.S. the more powerful will be its attacks on the evil that affects us all.

That the smoke pall over Britain is not quite so smothering as it was is well illustrated by the experience of a film company who on two occasions recently found the atmosphere of the Potteries *too clear* to enable scenes representing conditions in the last century to be filmed satisfactorily. In the end the Stoke-on-Trent fire brigade had to be called upon to provide a smoky atmosphere by artificial means!

END

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

NEW 3 Knitting Thrills FROM WG

SPINS FOR THE WORLD

W.G. "NYLGORA"
Pure Nylon & Angora!
Beautifully soft. Handles like fine cashmere. Made in ½ oz. balls in our 8 best shades.

W.G. "TRIANON"
Pure Turkish Mohair
The rage of Europe for dainty headsquares, cloudy scarves and bedshawls. 18 shades.

W.G. SPRINGTIME "LACEPLY"
2-ply Super Botany
100% pure Botany, from which you can knit a Twin Set with only 5½ oz. The finest quality with the most economy! 24 shades in ½ oz. balls.

Samples FREE!

Simply send us an envelope addressed to yourself. We will pay return postage.

WAKEFIELD, GREENWOOD & CO. (HUDDERSFIELD) LTD.,
Dept. S11, St. George's Square, Huddersfield.

Everybody wants to know

What's in The TATLER?

EVERY WEDNESDAY

Try it for a change...

and you'll buy it

as a habit...

HARDEN'S TEA

HARDEN'S CEYLON TEA . . . . . 4/8 per lb.
HARDEN'S GREEN LABEL TEA. . 5/4 per lb.
HARDEN'S DARJEELING TEA. . . 6/4 per lb.
HARDEN'S PURE CHINA TEA . . 8/8 per lb.

Formerly known as the famous ~~DOCTOR~~ Teas and still blended by Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd., 121 Cannon Street, E.C.4.

If you experience difficulty in obtaining Harden's Teas, write for the name and address of your nearest stockist.

We just LIVE on it!

Weetabix for breakfast of course — with the milk that's so important for the children. But it doesn't end there: for tea, supper and the odd snack, just whenever they feel like it, Weetabix is always a favourite. It's so good for them this whole wheat cereal — and such good value for money.

Weetabix

FOR BREAKFAST

— FINE FOR SNACKS AND SUPPER TOO

SEND FOR THIS FREE SAMPLE AND NEW LEAFLET

"Ever useful Weetabix" recipe leaflet tells you some exciting new ways with Weetabix — the breakfast food plus. Send for your copy and free sample to Mrs. Crisp, 18H, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants.

Clouds Of Glory

(*Continued from page* 38)

"It depends how you look at it. Bob has a lot of old-fashioned ideas and this is one of them. About a wife's place being in the home, I mean. And since that's the way he wants it, well, I want it, too.

"I shan't be lonely, though. My aunt will be with us. We're sharing the house. He's a mechanic at the big haulage depot near where we live. A very good one, too. He hasn't long been out of the R.A.F. and already he's foreman of his section. Would you mind leaning back a little, please?"

So, thought Mrs. Otterley while the slim fingers patted her curls into place. The rosy future beckons. Six or seven pounds a week at the most. No real home of their own. And a sick woman on their hands. Aloud she asked: "Will it be a church wedding?"

"Oh yes, of course. That's another thing Bob feels strongly about and so do I. It's only for once in a lifetime, so we want it *all*—you know, organ music, white satin, orange blossom. . . ."

The tongue was thoroughly loosened now and the words bubbled out in a spate. The eyes shone, and were as blue as gentians. Good heavens, Mrs. Otterley thought. The child's in love with life. . . . It was some time since she had seen anyone in this remarkable state.

"I'm making the dress myself. It's slipper satin, with a high yoke that I can take out afterwards. My aunt's helping. We work at it together in the evenings."

MRS. OTTERLEY saw in her mind's eye the labour of love and economy, the small betrayals of cut and finish—for the sake of saving a few pounds. Incredible.

"Are you making your going-away clothes, too?"

"No, because there won't be any going-away. We can't afford a honeymoon, not with a church wedding. It costs more, you see, than the other way. But we both feel it's the *right* way. Not that we're specially religious—or even that we're set on making a parade of it. But, after all, they say marriages are made in heaven, don't they?"

Some, commented Mrs. Otterley inwardly, are made in Mayfair. . . . Aloud, since agreement was evidently expected of her, she said: "You're quite right. Marriage is a sacrament and ought to have the blessing of the church."

God forgive me, she added to herself, remembering her own celebration of the sacrament—the crowded, fashionable church decked with a small fortune in flowers, herself so preoccupied with holding the stage in this lavish spectacle that she almost forgot, till she saw the spare, grey-headed figure waiting by the altar, that there had to be a bridegroom. . . .

Patty Martin, having fixed the last row of curls, was now plugging in the portable dryer. As the tiny motor hummed into life she stood for a moment, flexing her fingers against the air flow to test its heat.

On a sudden impulse Mrs. Otterley said: "Wait a bit. Put that down. I'm going to show you something."

"Yes, Mrs. Otterley?" The disconnected motor whirred to a stop. "Go over to the wardrobe—no, not that one, the one behind the door. Look at the bottom left-hand shelf and you'll see a big flat cardboard box tied round with cord. That's right. Bring it to me."

WHEN the box had been laid on her lap she untied the cord, removed the lid, tossed aside layers of tissue and drew out something that rippled to the floor in fold on filmy fold. Patty Martin took it, and it billowed like spindrift, ivory pale, cobweb light. "There," Mrs. Otterley said. "That's what *I* wore, over rose brocade sewn with seed pearls."

"*Oh*. . . ." The word was a long-drawn breath of wonder and delight. "It's a bridal veil. I never saw anything so beautiful. May I —may I hold it?"

"Yes, but be careful. It's very delicate. It has a right to be. It's a hundred and fifty years old at least."

"It must be very valuable," Patty said. But the words were automatic. Her eyes were rapt, lost.

Mrs. Otterley nodded.

"It was an heirloom in my mother's family, worn at all weddings —and christenings, of course. It was last worn thirty years ago."

"Oh, what a shame. This lovely thing—you *must* have looked wonderful in it. You must have felt as if you walked in a dream—like it says somewhere, in a poem, I think, 'trailing clouds of glory.'"

"I believe it looked quite effective," Mrs. Otterley said shortly. She was aware of the longing in the girl's eyes, aware also of an impulse to add: "Would you like to wear it yourself?"

But some obscure hostility in her fought the impulse and mastered it. She justified herself by defining it as common prudence. One had to be sensible. All very well to make the generous gesture, but it's asking for trouble to entrust such a thing to people of that sort who'd have no knowledge or appreciation of its value.

"Put it away now, please. We must get on. I've a great deal to do to-day."

"Yes, Mrs. Otterley," Patty Martin said quietly. Her fingers caressed the gossamer fabric, traced the miraculously fine needle-point edging in its design of lovers' knots and roses—then, slowly, tenderly, she surrendered the treasure. She replaced it in the box and went on with her task.

Three weeks later Mrs. Otterley was out shopping, unusually early because the day was so fine, when she passed a shop window given over to a display of wedding accessories grouped round the simpering wax figure of a bride. She recalled with a jolt that it was her own anniversary date. And with the recollection came another memory, more recently engendered. She stopped dead. She said out loud: "Of course. It must be just about *now*."

She went into a telephone booth, dialled the Maison Emile and consulted Miss Barnes.

(*Continued on page* 80)

What a comfort!

A wonderful beauty aid to possess, superbly designed and finished in gleaming cream plastic. It is perfectly balanced, easy to hold and use. There are two switches, one gives cold air, the other provides the flow of hot air. One of the real comforts of living, faultlessly made and guaranteed by G.E.C. The stand is an optional extra — of invaluable help — leaving both hands free!

lovely FOR HER

She who likes to change her hair style, set her own hair, use her own special shampoo techniques. No more discomfort, and so much money saved.

lovely FOR HIM

The G.E.C. hair dryer is a real comfort for the man of the house. His hair is dry in a couple of minutes, he need never be afraid of catching cold.

lovely FOR CHILDREN

No more tangles and tears. The G.E.C. hair dryer saves all the time and trouble of the towel-rubbing which children hate so much. Their hair is dry quickly, soft and gleaming.

THE G.E.C. HAIR DRYER

Electricity ensures true coal economy

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD

"It's about the girl who just left—Miss Martin. What day is the wedding, do you happen to know? *To-day?* Quite a coincidence. Ah. No, just a little something. Might go over with it myself. Can you give me the address? Yes, I'll wait. . . . Thank you. I suppose it'll be the local church? Ah. Yes. Good-bye." There was time—just time to do it. Twelve o'clock at St. Luke's, Miss Barnes had said. She'd had an invitation herself, but was unable to accept. One of the other girls had been given permission to go, by way of representing the firm. The church was just round the corner from Kingston Villas. Miss Barnes knew the district well. It was easy to find.

IT may have been easy to find but it was a long way off and not easy to reach in the mid-morning rush hour. Mrs. Otterley took a taxi back to her house where she collected the cardboard box and, on an uprush of tact, exchanged her mink coat for a tweed one. Then she changed her mind again and put on the mink.

After all, she decided, it's an occasion for it. I don't suppose they often see one. . . .

She had dropped her handbag on the stairs and spent five more minutes looking for it. Then she went down to the waiting taxi and embarked on what proved to be an interminable journey out to the northern suburbs.

Traffic was dense down the length of the Edgware Road. Once they were forced to a standstill, honking plaintively, at a crossing where the lights had failed. Farther on they were penned in behind a crawling trailer carrying a dismembered aeroplane. Everything happened to them. They seemed to run the whole malicious gamut of vehicular obstruction. A motor cyclist, cutting in too close, scraped their front mudguard, and a wordy argument ensued between the two men which caused another hold-up. Mrs. Otterley, glancing anxiously at her diamond watch, discovered that it was not long past eleven o'clock.

She began to fume and fidget.

It was suddenly, unaccountably, of overwhelming importance to her that she should accomplish this errand. She was accustomed to indulge her whims, however belated, and it would be maddening to be baulked of what promised to be a pleasurable and refreshing experience. The pressure of the box on her knees reminded her of the almost painful hunger in a young girl's face, and she felt a growing excitement in picturing how the blue eyes would glow with surprise and gratitude. If only she could reach the house in time. She rapped on the glass partition and shouted, "Hurry, hurry!"

The driver, flustered by his altercation with the motor cyclist and by the exhortations from within, took a short cut down a side turning which proved to be a one-way street. He was pulled up by a policeman, roundly scolded and sent back by the way he had come, while his passenger grew pink with fury.

At last, however, they branched off the main stream of traffic and began to thread their way between terraces of small red-brick houses, all alike, interspersed with huddles of drab little shops. God, thought Mrs. Otterley—are there really people who have to live out their lives in places like this?

She leaned well back in the taxi until it drew up with a jolt and a squeak. She got out and paid off the driver.

No. 29 Kingston Villas differed in no detail from its neighbours on either side. Like them it was small, chintz-curtained, and appeared to be deserted. Mrs. Otterley's heart sank. She hurried up the steps and rang the bell. No answer. She was too late. They must have left for the church. Lying on the top step, as if in tell-tale confirmation, were a few white petals that might have fallen from a bouquet. Well, but supposing they had only *just* left, supposing the bridal party were assembling in the vestibule, there might conceivably be time if she hastened after them, if she ran all the way. . . .

Mrs. Otterley's thin-soled, expensive shoes were not the best of gear, and in any case she was unused to athletic exertion.

Nevertheless she ran, awkwardly but surprisingly fast, clutching the cardboard box to her bosom, for a distance of several hundred yards to the end of the street. Rounding the corner, puffing and swaying, she saw before her the ugly little church and the knot of onlookers gathered outside, the hired car drawn up at the kerb with white streamers flaunting from its bonnet, and a bored-looking young photographer setting up his camera on the pavement. The door of the church, from which organ music sounded softly, was open ; but before she could reach it, it had begun to close, pushed from the inside by a little bald man in a frock coat.

"One moment please——" she panted.

The little man caught the door back and gave her a welcoming smile.

"Bride or groom?" he inquired.

Mrs. Otterley ignored the ritual classification for wedding guests.

"Would it be possible for me to have a word with the bride?"

"Oh dear. Well, no, I'm afraid not. The ceremony is just about to begin."

In support of the statement, the muted organ in the interior crashed into a change of key and a mounting fortissimo. For Mrs. Otterley it was the knell of her desperate endeavour. She stared at the little man, defeated and mortified.

"Was it important?" he asked.

"No. Not really."

"You won't come in?"

"No, thank you."

SHE turned heavily away and walked down the steps. Behind her the church door closed. The knot of women by the gateway stared at her in open curiosity. She was acutely aware of them, and of her heated face, her hat joggled askew and of the burden she carried which, though it weighed no more than a few ounces, seemed as heavy and cumbersome as a stone.

What on earth am I doing here, she asked herself angrily. For heaven's sake, let me get away. . . . But how? There was not a moving vehicle to be seen in the length of the dreary street.

She went up to one of the onlookers and inquired, "How far is it to the nearest Tube station?"

The woman, who was wearing a cheap check coat and a terrible hat like a squashed melon, opened her eyes as wide as if she had been asked the nearest way to the moon.

"The *Tube Station*? Oh. I should say it was a good quarter of a mile away. Wouldn't you, Hilda? Wouldn't you say it was a good quarter of a mile?"

Her friend, thus consulted, nodded in violent agreement.

"Oh yes, I should say it was quite that, if not more."

"Is there a taxi rank then, anywhere near?"

"No, I'm afraid there isn't, not near here."

Mrs. Otterley scowled. She cast a covetous glance at the car by the kerbside and wondered if it would be any use offering the driver a pound to rush her to the Tube station before the wedding party emerged, and then thought better of it. If the man refused, as he was likely to do, she would only have made herself ridiculous. Even more so than she felt already—if that were possible. "Excuse me," the woman in the check coat was saying, "but aren't you going to wait? They'll be out soon."

Mrs. Otterley saw by the expressions on the faces around her that if she walked away now she would be offering a social affront that, even in a total stranger, was inexcusable.

"Certainly I'm going to wait," she said stiffly. In point of fact, there was not much alternative.

She drew aside and composed herself to the tiresome vigil, her hateful parcel tucked under her arm. The sunshine was no longer a benison. It was an ordeal of glare and discomfort. She felt hot, tired and dishevelled. Wretchedly out of place. And about a hundred years old.

Clouds Of Glory

THEY were coming out now. The doors had swung open, emitting the final paean of the wedding march. The onlookers pushed and jostled. At the top of the flight of steps appeared the bridal couple—Patty Martin on the arm of a burly young man whose face was damp with perspiration and who tugged self-consciously at his collar.

Patty herself was pale, with a pallor that seemed illumined from within. Her eyes were starry, her lips parted in a tremulous smile. Sheathed in white satin, she glowed like a candle in the dark doorway, one with the spring, the beauty of the morning and eternal youth. The risen Proserpine. Framing her dark head and cascading over her shoulders was some gauzy stuff, diaphanous and of a dazzling whiteness. As she came down the steps the breeze caught it, and it floated out behind her so that she walked, as once she had pictured herself in a dream of longing, trailing her cloud of glory. . . .

Mrs. Otterley gazed at a tableau, whose outlines were oddly blurred. She did not know that her eyes were full of tears.

Two small girls, giggling shrilly, were throwing confetti. The photographer was marshalling a family group. There was hilarious comment and much shouting of directions.

"Trifle closer together, please—heads up, everybody. Will the gentleman on the left step back a pace? That's fine. Now the happy pair on their own——"

One of the group detached itself and moved down to the gate, the figure of a neat little elderly woman who walked with a stick. She sought out Mrs. Otterley and said to her pleasantly, "You're the lady who was asking for my niece. The usher pointed you out to me. Is there something. . . ?"

Mrs. Otterley, who had tried to shrink out of view but had been unable to hide herself, said hastily, "It was quite unimportant, really. Not worth mentioning." And then, because the eyes fixed upon her were both gentle and searching, she blurted out, "I'm a client of the Maison Emile, that's how I know your niece. I have a bridal veil of Honiton lace, a family one, that I wanted to lend to her. But I left it too late. It's my own fault. I'm—so sorry. I should so much have liked her to wear it." Her lip trembled uncontrollably.

"But how *kind* of you," the little woman said. "You mustn't upset yourself. It's the thought that matters, not that you came too late—which I'm sure you couldn't help."

"I could have helped it, that's the point."

"No, no, don't you see? It's the same, for us. You wanted to do it, you had that sweet and generous thought, and you've made me just as happy as if you had got here in time. Truly, I feel most touched." She held out her free hand and Mrs. Otterley took it, smiling wanly.

"I must say, your niece couldn't have looked prettier."

"She does look a picture, doesn't she? So very happy. Now I'll let you into a secret. We made the dress ourselves. You'd never guess it, I think."

"Never in a month of Sundays," Mrs. Otterley lied.

"What with everything being so expensive we didn't mean to have a veil, but then at the last minute we bought that length of tulle. It does make all the difference. Well, we must have another talk later. Won't you come round to the house and take some refreshment? It's very simple, not at all on the grand scale, you know, but we should be glad to have you with us."

Through Mrs. Otterley's mind passed a mental image of the waiting parlour at Kingston Villas, garnished for the great day, the table spread with a borrowed cloth, the wedding cake from a local bakery, home-made sandwiches, port and champagne-cider.

She said, "Thank you. I should like to, very much."

END

1.10.52

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford), Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Britain's most beautiful range of Kitchen Equipment....

English Rose WITH 'Softglow' FORMICA TOPS

"A housewife cannot but be gay"...

The 'SOFTGLOW' worktops of these exciting new furnishings, styled to line up with standard "English Rose" equipment, bring an atmosphere of gaiety and colourful warmth. 'SOFTGLOW' is available in Scarlet Red, Steel Blue or Amulet Green shown above. You can spill ammonia, ink, fruit juice on this tough, smooth surface; you can put hot dinner plates on it, or you can submit it to ordeal by hot fat. Then—a swish of a damp cloth and it glows like a jewel—faster than you can read this sentence. The newly designed end-units are both decorative and utilitarian, and the many advantages of the double sink are worthy of investigation.

Obtainable as a complete kitchen or single units.

Please write for Publication ERV.102 for full details.

English Rose
REG'D. TRADE MARK
KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LIMITED WARWICK

LONDON SHOWROOMS — 229-231 REGENT STREET. W.1. TELEPHONE — REGENT 2435

L.G.B.

The only sweet with these

lovely fruit liqueur centres

SIX FLAVOURS—Gooseberry, Raspberry, Pear, Lemon, Pineapple, Tangerine:
½lb. 2/3, 1lb. 4/5

MELTIS LTD · BEDFORD · ENGLAND